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THE

# NEW GENERATION.

BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
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# INTRODUCTION.

WHAT the Tenth Legion was to the conquering army of Julius Cæsar; what the Imperial Guard was to Napoleon the First—the Epworth League is to the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is an aggregation of piety, zeal, enthusiasm, and consecration, such as Methodism never saw before. Eight hundred thousand of the very chivalry of the Church are banded together in a blessed conspiracy to save the world.

Such an organization means discipline, and discipline transforms mobs into conquering legions. Discipline made it possible for Havelock to lead his little army fifteen hundred miles, to Lucknow's relief, through a hundred millions of enemies. The day it becomes a fact that these eight hundred thousand young men and women fling themselves into this conflict with the glorious abandon of apostolic times, we shall see events that will make all men believe the millennium a possibility, and

therefore a certainty. Give us but this full measure of consecrated effort and united prayer, and a million converts in a single year will become a common experience to our beloved Church.

Epworth Leaguers, we are most fortunate in the land of our birth and the field for our work. This is God's great missionary Nation. Our first duty is to our own country. To allow Protestant Christianity to lose its grip upon this Republic would be to insure defeat in all coming time.

Josiah Strong puts before us the possibilities of the future. He says, in the "New Era:"

"Imagine all the races of Europe transformed into one blood, their Babel of sixty tongues hushed, and the custom-houses of a score of frontiers closed. Imagine these many lands occupied by 380,000,000 Anglo-Saxons, speaking one language, having common institutions and interests, and all under one Government. The mightiest empire that ever existed would be but a faint suggestion of the resistless power of such a people. But this is only a picture of what the United States will be one century hence. All Europe, including the

vast plains of Russia, may be laid down within our national bounds, and, by a conservative estimate, we shall have a population of 373,000,000 in 1990."

What resistless power! What colossal wealth! All to be used in the interest of the kingdom of heaven, if we can interpenetrate these masses with the spirit of the gospel of Jesus!

We must not, however, wait to save our country before we do our full share toward the evangelization of the world.

Out of one hundred and thirty-nine Missionary Societies, one hundred and twenty-one are supported by the Anglo-Saxon race, and your own Missionary Society—in glorious achievements, in pentecostal revivals, in the amount of its income—stands very near the front.

Let us aspire to the leadership of all Protestant Christianity! It is a worthy ambition, because the eyes of the King are upon us, and he expects us to do our best. It is a proper ambition, because we have the conquering theology, which is so self-evident and reasonable that even the heathen seem to need but a clear statement of it to accept it and believe it as the truth of God.

One-third of all the converts in heathen lands, says Dr. Abel Stevens, belong to some branch of the Methodist household. It would indeed be a glorious day when every Epworth Leaguer should accept it as part of his duty to give or raise five dollars for missions every year, and swing our income up to four millions of dollars annually. Do this, and then rejoice to see the "dark places of the earth," now the "habitations of cruelty," suddenly lit up with the glory of the Lord.

Secretary Schell, in this volume, has sought to lay upon your hearts and consciences the mighty motives for united and unceasing activity. Listen to his appeals. Let the "new generation" prove itself worthy to inherit the past and to create the future. Then we shall see such an uprising for the world's redemption from the sin and sorrow under which it groans as shall overwhelm all pessimistic philosophy and teaching with utter confusion, and give to the Lord's Prayer for the coming of his kingdom a new meaning in the hearts and hopes of mankind.

C. C. McCABE.

# I.

## Thor and his Hammer.

"The older order changeth, yielding place to new;
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one *good* custom should corrupt the earth."

—TENNYSON.

"But heard are the voices,
Heard are the sages,
The world, and the ages.
Choose well; your choice is
Brief, and yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you
In eternity's stillness;
Here is all fullness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work, and despair not."

—GOETHE.

"Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known,
Fulfill the Father's high decree;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee."

—PALMER.

## THOR AND HIS HAMMER.

THIS is the fourth generation in the Constitutional history of our country.

The first is represented by that galaxy of heroes who crowd the epic period of the Revolution. In those early days great Constitutions and immortal Declarations were burning in the hearts of the patriot fathers, and they kindled the fires at liberty's altar, never since extinguished. At that altar great souls, like Lafayette, Kosciusko, and Bolivar, lighted the beacon torches which they bore in triumph about the earth. There stand grouped together in imperishable honor, Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and the elder Adams.

The second is the generation of compromise. It was the period when men trembled at the word disunion; when legislation, and even religion, were con-

ciliatory. The Missouri Compromise and the Omnibus Bill are typical acts of the legislation of that period. It is there we place the giant figures of Benton, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun.

Then follows the war generation. They fronted each other like heroes in the Wilderness and on the slopes of Cemetery Ridge. Many of them, at "freedom's trumpet call," fell down in the cold embrace of death, and are sleeping to-day under the willows of Arlington and in the dark wood by the Tennessee. They fought

> "For the birthright yet unsold;
> For the history yet untold;
> For the future yet unrolled;"

and because they met the great questions of liberty in a reverent spirit, their names can not perish from the earth. On the Southern side, Robert E. Lee, the Johnstons, and Stonewall Jackson are among the immortals. The Union side has a long roll of great men.

First among them is Abraham Lincoln. No words can make a eulogy for him. As he himself once said of Washington: "Let none attempt to add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Abraham Lincoln. He is beyond all eulogy. In solemn awe pronounce his name, and in its naked, deathless splendor, leave it shining on." On either side of him stand Grant and Sherman. In the opinion of some, Grant, the old commander, may bear the palm; but most will prefer to think of them as twin columns in the vestibule of freedom. They lived in love until their lives' end; and together, with a multitude of old antagonists and comrades, they have taken their places

"Where,
Around the throne, the sanctities of heaven
Stand thick as stars, and from His sight receive
Beatitude past utterance."

But the generation that shouted victory at Appomattox is almost gone, and

a new one is left with the destinies of the world. The young men that crowd into the new Congress; who fill the professorial chairs in the great universities; the young men that are beginning to rival the old practitioners in the clinic and at the bar; the young men in the leading pulpits, and on the editorial staff of the great daily papers,—all warn us that

"The older order changeth, yielding place to new."

What a splendid generation it is! It was born in the years from 1850 to 1875—rocked by heroic matrons, carried in heroic arms. Those were wild years that gave us birth. The picture on an old spelling-book of the stork mother, with her nestlings on her back, weary with her long flight and heavy burden, and flying low to escape the storm, is a true picture of those years. The nestlings are chattering on her back, as nestlings will, unmindful of

their danger, while she, with the greatest difficulty, bears them to safety. The stork mother is the war generation; you are the nestlings. There are tears on the faces of some yet, which came from a father's wet eyes as he bent over a baby's face in a cradle, and kissed him good-bye, as he marched at the call of country. Some of them never came back to kiss them away. Childhood's memory, for many, is full of tales of disaster and sorrow and blood. It is the same if you picture the childhood of other countries. The Russian youth remember the Crimea; the young Roman will recall the tremor of fear that ran through his veins when Victor Emmanuel battered down the Porta Pia, and marched up the Via Settembre; the young German will never be able to forget when he stood at the home gate, and cheered the soldiers of Moltke, Bismarck, and stout old William, as they pushed toward the Austrian frontier; nor the gay French lads, the stern, hot

days when they waved the tri-color as Napoleon III and the prince imperial took their departure for the Army of the Rhine. The whole generation was baptized in blood, has the martial spirit of martial ancestors, and will bring the "swing of victory" to any cause they may espouse.

The generation has not yet had time to develop its great souls, nor single out those who will make it illustrious. That it will contribute its quota of great men and great deeds we can not doubt. Some of them are sure to win honor among men, and renown above the skies. The Acts of the Apostles is an ever-increasing volume; and the chapter of the roll of faith, which begins in Hebrews, is an ever-expanding one; but who shall be added to it from our own generation we are not yet able to determine.

This alone will be an excuse if, for a moment, we characterize this generation by a reference to one of the old Norse

divinities. The generation is so god-like, comes to its place enriched with such an abounding harvest of scientific discovery, is so full of courage and purpose and enthusiasm, that it will not seem extravagant if, for the purpose of illustration, we call it after the name of the old Scandinavian god, so honored by our Teutonic and Scandinavian fathers.

I like the god Thor. He was the son of Odin. He was the strongest of all gods and men. The rumble of his chariot was thunder. His red beard was the only standard in the great war with the giants, and Thor was in the front of the fight in the twilight of that last great day when the giants were finally overthrown and driven from the earth. He was so mighty, so noble, so heroic, that he crowded his name into our Christian calendar of the week, and there it stands.

Then there was his terrible hammer. With it he built the hall of five hun-

dred columns, leveled great mountains, erected great palaces and temples, and even destroyed the pestilence. The dwarfs made it for him at the command of his father Odin. They could fashion it, but Thor alone could swing it with resistless might. He had the courage to use it. Nothing could daunt him. No project was too great for his unconquerable spirit and mighty hammer. "Either I will find a way, or I will make one," he said to his warriors when a towering mountain hindered his progress. And the Norman knight was plainly possessed with the spirit of Thor, the Red Beard, when he wore on his crest at Hastings, "In neither demons nor idols do I put my trust, but in my own stout heart and in God." Among the old Teutons, after their conversion, this hammer came to be the symbol of the Cross.

The application of this legend of Thor to the rising generation is easy to make. We are the sons of Odin—sons

of godlike men who helped to push the race upward to the dawn. The young man of this generation, with the faith of the Cross in his bosom, is Thor. They are sons of the Most High; for the sacred writer carries back the human pedigree to a divine root when he says, "Who was the son of Abraham; who was the son of Adam; who was the son of God;" the children of God, therefore heirs to the promise, "The works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these."

We, too, war against giants. Corrupt politics, the accursed saloon business, greed of gain, vice, the opium-traffic, slavery, and the pagan world, are a group of confederate Anaks as mighty as any the Norse god had to overcome. One of the earliest memories of my life is of going down to the old farm-yard gate, waving a flag, and cheering for Abraham Lincoln, as a regiment of newly recruited soldiers marched away to the front near the close of our Civil

War. They were marching on one of the greatest errands that ever called men to battle. But as I see this new generation, sons of veterans, the generation of the Epworth League, invincible Thors, march against the giant evils which still remain to be conquered on this earth, it seems to me that they march under the noblest commission that God ever gave to man.

The dwarfs made the hammer of Thor, at the command of his father. This new generation enters upon its work with special forces and opportunities ready at hand, such as no other generation before ever possessed. Men of the older times, dwarfs in comparison with ourselves, molded these forces for us as the dwarfs fashioned the hammer of Thor. They did it at the command of God.

"For I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

It is the greatest generation that has ever appeared on earth, because of itself, because of God's special preparation for it, and because it stands on the shoulders of a mighty past. Every generation behind has lifted this rising one up into the light. Mt. Everest is the highest mountain in the world, not merely of itself, but because of the long lift of land from the ocean to the center of Asia. Mt. Everest really begins in the gradual incline of the land from the shores of the Indian Ocean. It swells higher inland; then comes the great plateau across Hindostan; then the foothills of the mountains on its northern border. These rise into the lofty Himalaya range, that stretches for fifteen hundred miles across the interior of Asia. Out of this range of great, towering peaks, with their bosoms and crests wrapped in eternal snows, and upborne by all the rest, rises Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world. So this magnificent generation, "time's noblest

offspring," "the heir of all the ages," looms up the mightiest and tallest, because it is upborne by all that has gone before.

Long-gone ages stored up the coal and petroleum which we employ. Watt discovered the use of steam; Stephenson made the steam-engine; Franklin captured our electric messenger in the clouds; Madame Galvani indirectly gave us the electric battery; Fulton built the steamboat; Morse invented the telegraph; Bell the telephone; and Edison the electric light. Every generation that is gone forged a weapon for the hand of Thor, or put some resource at his command.

The men of this generation are the first to have an outlook upon a real world. You have no doubt noticed the growth of certain words in our English vocabulary which indicate the cosmopolitan era. Spinoza, though false in philosophy and religion to the core, seems to have set the fashion for express-

ing the world's unity by his famous religious idiom. Along with pantheism have come like councils of all varieties. We have a World's White Cross Movement; a World's Peace Convention; a World's Christian Temperance Union. There are Pan-Methodists, Pan-Presbyterians, and other ecumenical gatherings without number. We have just learned to ally ourselves with men of common opinions about the globe. Every man on the planet is our neighbor, and we strike hands with him. Terence translates Menander, "I am a man, and everything human interests me;" but "everything human" was to his mind the smallest fragment of our present-day humanity. He knew a little of the world which lay immediately about the Mediterranean and along the Nile, and comprised in the Euphrates Valley. But the men of those days knew practically nothing of the dwellers in the next valley, or of the inhabitants on the bank of a neigh-

boring river. Each community, like a land-locked lake, had an altitude peculiar to itself, lived its own narrow life, had its own thought and its own hope, nor ever caught the ebb and flow of the great sea of humanity about them. We live in a real world. Like some mighty incoming tide that swells in every nook and inlet of the ocean shore, our thoughts and hopes and fears rise and fall in every local community the round world over, and break with beneficence or sorrow at the feet of every man.

Man has greatly extended his borders and enlarged his horizon, and Thor is the heir to this greater world. Man has surveyed the planet between the polar circles, measured the height of the mountain ranges, and computed the ebb and flow of the tide and of the ocean currents. He has gone back through long histories, which he has deciphered from old inscriptions, and read from the remains of clay libraries.

He has enlarged himself laterally by philanthropy and science. In the conduct of himself he has had recourse to his understanding. We are now in the period of intellection. The intellectual man is in the full splendor of his day. Mind has put into his hand the key with which to unlock nature's wealth and mysteries. With it he has compressed the world into the limits of a Roman march. He hangs a mass of iron in the air, and calls it a bridge; he dives through a mountain, and calls it a tunnel; he listens with his audiphone over an ant-hill, and it sounds like the hum of spindles. The age of aluminum runs parallel with the age of electricity, and out of common clay, by a new process, men are building better homes for their children, better seats for education, better temples for the worship of the living God. What new monarch is this? Lightnings illuminate his palaces, waft his rich argosies, and bear his messages; he whispers around

the globe; every song of liberty from the round world comes into his ears, and the groans from every dungeon are heard by him.

He aspires to become a citizen of the universe. He has overleaped the boundaries of terrestrial space; peers, by his telescope, into the craters of the moon's extinct volcanoes; with his spectroscope he analyzes the elements of sun or star better than if he stood upon its surface with hammer and retort and crucible. The air has become luminous with unutterable secrets. He knows "where light dwelleth," and measures the orbit of the farthermost stars. A new relation is discovered existing between the soul and body. Hermann Lotze has given it statement. The old psychology said "the soul acts where it is;" the new declares "the soul is where it acts." And so in any part of the universe, where fancy or imagination can wing its flight or light carry an embassy, subtle observations may be carried on,

inductions made, and the soul come back to earth again with philosophical assurance added to the truths of revelation. Some of the conclusions at which he has arrived are: The superiority of mind over matter; the body is the least important element in our existence; the intellectual man must soon yield to the spiritual; man, the physical, has had his day; man is a spirit, and may become the child of God.

God himself has seemingly bared his omnipotent right arm to forge weapons for our using, and has opened avenues for the enterprise of this new generation never opened before. This volume is intended to set some of them before you. They are so manifestly the work of God, they bring with them such responsibilities, and are so portentous, and so inextricably interwoven with the future destinies of the race, that thoughtful men tremble before them. God is calling to men down through the eternal stars once more. Each generation

must make its answer to the Eternal Spirit. I wonder what answer this generation will make. It stands upon the threshold of such a dominion and with powers and opportunities such as were never before delivered to man.

All true men are looking for evidences that God is still guiding the world. We know that the Lord of hosts is with us; but we wish to project his presence as a thought, and suggest its application to this generation. There are far-reaching movements in our day. Intercommunication, the press, the spread of the English language, and the growth of democracy the round world over, are some of them. These great providences are like guide-boards along the path of the ages, and should show us conclusively that God still controls the affairs of men. The new generation, if it has the spiritual insight which it should possess, ought to be able to detect the hand of God stretched downward to the race in these great events; and men

morally, intellectually, and spiritually should rise to meet God in his plan—should co-operate with him, and yield obedience to him in his sovereign sway. The conviction grows upon the reverent mind that sweeping changes in the progress of Christ's kingdom upon the earth are about to occur; and some have even dared to hope that the Almighty has commissioned this rising generation anew, and given it the purpose and the grace to bring the world to the Redeemer's feet.

The great privileges which this generation enjoys involve the correlated question of duty, and to the willing mind express a command. They are like the block letters which were placed before the first blind deaf-mute who learned to read. She had sat for eighteen years in the dumb silence of despair. She had never known what the word mother meant, nor received one of the tender endearments which make childhood and girlhood the happiest

period of life. A philanthropist thought he could teach her to read, and began to instruct her. He placed a row of blocks before her, and for weary weeks she could only finger them, and wonder. In after years she herself says: "One day it flashed upon me that they were trying to talk to me." It was only after weary months of patient wonderment that it came to her that those blocks spelled out her name. There they were: "L-A-U-R-A B-R-I-D-G-M-A-N." They were trying to talk to her, and they spelled the message of her parents—the message of love and philanthropy and religion—HER OWN NAME.

God once spoke with men face to face; afterward he sent the prophets, and then his Son. We are now living under the dispensation of the Holy Ghost. These movements among men, coincident with the coming of a new generation upon the stage of human action, indicate as assuredly the commands of God as the letters before

Laura Bridgman spelled her name. Intercommunication and the press point the way to enlarged missionary enterprises. Emigration to America, and the opening of China, Japan, and Africa, crowd the same conviction home. The world is to be speedily evangelized. The rise of young people's organizations, like the Epworth League and the Christian Endeavor Society, indicates the agents who are to execute these purposes so plainly expressed. They all suggest to the disciples of our Lord that the whole world is soon to be nominally Christian; and that this new generation has the fiber, blood, and vantage-ground of opportunity for bringing this to pass. The knights of the Middle Ages, who hung upon the words of Peter the Hermit and Urban II as they spoke of the rescue of the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of infidels, cried out: "It is the will of God!" This co-ordination of events and agents will surely suggest to you that God intends, and

that soon, to redeem the world. They become a prophecy of the glad day when old earth shall roll in a sea of light, and bathe itself in the glory of God.

# II.

# INTERCOMMUNICATION.

"And there shall be no more sea."

—ST. JOHN.

"Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last hues of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

. . . . . .

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along the pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the air thy solitary flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Shall guide my feet aright."

—BRYANT.

"For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

—FABER.

## INTERCOMMUNICATION.

THERE are only a few lessons which history teaches with any distinctness. One is, that the universe is built on moral foundations. A second—and there is no question that history teaches it plainly—is, that among races of men isolation produces degeneration, and intercourse with other nations tends to elevation. Savagery, superstition, and ignorance depend upon separation. Civilization is advanced by intercourse. The ocean was the great barrier against intercommunication in ancient times. Mountain ranges, deserts, and great rivers kept men apart; so did differences of language. Still they could climb the mountains, swim the rivers, and make themselves understood by signs. The ocean was impassable. The civilizing process was well begun when the first log canoe pushed across

some narrow channel of the great sea, and its occupant first began to observe another race of men. The sea kept out Julius Cæsar from Britain; but better Cæsar and his legions than the horrid superstitions and deeds of cruelty that hid their heads when the Romans landed on that gloomy island. No wonder that John, in his vision of the great white throne and the new heaven and the new earth, said that there would come in God's own time and plan an end to isolation—"And there shall be no more sea."

The glory of the apocalyptic age approaches. We have learned in our day that the ocean which divides, combines also. It is the easiest of highways. The Appian Way would carry you by easy stages to Brindisi; but the sea is the smooth pavement for a journey between zones or about the planet. By it you may easily and safely pass from the lands that lie under Arcturus, and the twin Triones, to

where Canopus and the Southern Cross rule in the evening sky. Great ocean-ferries ply between the sister continents, and swift sea-chariots will carry you in a day over the same course where once the great mariners of history beat their way against head-winds for weeks. Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Greeks, Romans, Norsemen, Crusaders, Portuguese, and Spaniards have all in turn pointed their course over its bosom by the stars; but none, like the English, have made the ocean the great bond of the world's union. The sail has been replaced by the smoking steam-demon, and the oar has been superseded by the firm blade of the screw. The world, a single commonwealth, lies to-day embraced in the arms of Neptune. Every deep sea-current is marked and mapped, every movement of air estimated. Under the waves go the great lines of electrical communication by which we whisper to the antipodes. "The sea! the sea!" shouted the ten thousand

Greeks, and so shouts the new generation, as by it to heathen lands,

"We hurry onward to extinguish hell,
With our fresh souls, our younger hope,
And God's maturity of purpose."

But the distances by land have also been practically annihilated. Robert Peel, summoned home from Italy to become first minister to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, traveled as Julius Cæsar did, B. C. 52. He used relays of horses, urged over the mountains and valleys with endless jolt by day and night. We make the distance now seated in an elegant railway carriage, writing a book, or reading the news of the world. Some superannuated preacher will tell you how, in the early days on the frontier, he took weeks to travel from one State to another; his all in a wagon, wading the streams, and swimming the rivers; his body racked with fever, but his soul joyful. Aaron Wood, of sainted memory in Indiana

Methodism, spent four days journeying from Plymouth, Indiana, to Valparaiso. You can make the journey now in one hour. Railway lines join every large city in the world not united by the sea. Five great railroad trunk-lines unite the cities of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific Slope. You pass in a single railway coach from New York to Mexico City. From thence a line will soon be completed which will carry you to Cape Horn. It is not a dream to suppose that some day you may pass by rail from the Cape Colony, through Central Africa, and through Europe and Asia, to Behring Sea, by ferry over Behring Sea, and thence across two continents to Cape Horn. The road is already built two-thirds of the way. Rapidity of travel increases every year. The Empire State express travels a distance of four hundred and forty miles at a schedule rate of fifty-five miles an hour. It is now only twenty hours' ride from New York to Chicago. O steam! thou art

the strong Jove of the nineteenth century!

"Harness me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns the chain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power!

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
Or the flight of the courier dove,
As it bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love,
O, I could not but think how the world would feel
When these were outstripped by far,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car!"

But swifter even than steam is the electric spark. Your neighbor is the man you can talk with; the man you see, and who lives next door to you. Telegraphy has brought the whole world

to our doors, made every man our neighbor, and we influence every man as our neighbor on the planet, for we talk round the earth. Under the sea and over the land go our messages, outstripping the sun in his flight. The markets of the world rise and fall at the summons of a click over the wires. We fling down the gage of battle by telegraph. Some battles of a hundred years ago would never have been fought had Morse been alive then to send the news of peace by telegraph. General Jackson won his great victory at New Orleans after peace had been actually declared; the use of electricity would have robbed us of that triumph, but it would also have given back to the weeping wives and mothers of England those long rows of the slain. A hundred improvements have been made in our daily life by it. Postal facilities, newspapers, pleasure excursions, charities, and missions are aided and supplemented by it.

No sincerely thoughtful man can contemplate these great changes wrought by intercommunication, and not feel that God is still busy in the affairs of men, that he is preparing to enforce the older dispensation of love, or to give a new revelation to the race. Intercommunication is really wonderful. What does it mean? How shall we interpret it to mind and to spirit? What moral induction shall we make from these forces and facts of seemingly only material progress?

It means first, *longer life to the race;* not by lengthening the seventy years, but by crowding more into them. The writer sat when a boy on his grandfather's knee, and heard him tell how, in the old days, he took the wife of his youth and went out to that great frontier State of Ohio. The second autumn, not having money to pay the fare on the stage that ran east from Pittsburg, he walked back five hundred miles to see his father and mother; and one winter,

when a letter came over the Alleghanies that my great-grandmother was sick unto death, my grandparents, hand in hand, walked back home, taking twenty-four days to make the journey, to receive their mother's dying blessing. I, their grandson, was shot through the same distance the other night in twelve hours. One day with me is therefore worth forty-eight of my grandfather's days; one year of mine is worth twenty-four of his, and a young man twenty years of age in this new generation is as old, under the providence of God, as was that world's great father before the flood, Methuselah, with his locks whitened with nine hundred and sixty winters. Life has been tremendously lengthened and enlarged and beautified in this way.

*Individual* and *national* life under this thought assumes a new importance. We are citizens of the world, and our individual righteousness or sin becomes a rill of holiness or corruption in the

life-current of the entire generation. We can no longer remain idle spectators of great national conflicts, or allow abuses to grow in the territory of a neighboring nation. The cholera germs in the pools in the valley at Mecca will taint the world; and our liberty or despotism, our national integrity or our national corruption and dishonor, will be heralded at the assize of a planet, and heard and sentenced before the judgment tribunal of the race. The Irish question, the Panama scandal, every South American revolution, every new German army bill, every instance of papal aggression, every uprising of barbarous hordes in Africa, becomes a matter of world-wide inquiry; and it is no impertinence to bring them under the light and criticism of the world's public opinion. The body is one, but many members. The world is one, though composed of many nations; henceforth it will be saved or poisoned as a whole.

It means more than this; *it means a universal religion.* Some faith will permeate the world. Some sublime principle of love and sacrifice, embodied in some beautiful son of the race, will surely win its way to all hearts. Two great missionary faiths are now struggling with each other for universal sway—our own Christianity, and Mohammedanism. They are face to face with each other in every great city of the Orient. They are contending for supremacy in Africa. One of them is sure to go down before the other. Both religions claim descent from Abraham. Christianity teaches free will; Mohammedanism is a system of fatalism. Christianity holds the Western Continent, all of Europe, and divides the Orient with the followers of Mohammed. A crisis impends in the great struggle between the two religions. The contest will soon be determined one way or the other. The new generation will see it settled.

Politically, Christianity has the stronger powers at its back; but Mohammedanism has a stronger affinity for the desert races, among whom the battle is now waging. The religion of the world is staked as an issue. It will be determined in your day, and by you.

"Throb on, dull pulse of thunder, beat
From answering beach to beach;
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,
And melt the chains of each.

For, lo! the fall of ocean's wall
Space mocked, and time outrun;
And round the world the thought of all
Is as the thought of one."

# III.

## The Press.

"Superstition! that horrid incubus which dwelt in darkness, with all its racks and poison chalices and foul sleeping draughts, is passing away without return." —CARLYLE.

"At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; at my birth
The frame and huge foundations of the earth
Shaked like a coward." —SHAKESPEARE.

"And further, by these, my son, be admonished: Of making many books there is no end."
—ECCLESIASTES.

"Not too high nor good
For human nature's daily food;
And yet, withal, a spirit bright,
With something of an angel light."
—WORDSWORTH.

## THE PRESS.

NO genuine portrait of Johannes Gutenberg is known. Like the discoverer of America, the inventor of printing by movable metal types never sat for a portrait. Those you see on the medals and plates are all fictitious. The records of his life which are left are very scanty. We scarcely know when he was born and when he died. He spent some of his best years running away from his creditors; sold his coat to develop his invention; and died poor, friendless, childless, and alone.

While his portrait can not hang in the galleries, his name ought to be placed among those of the world's great worthies. The printing-press, types, books, libraries, morning and evening newspapers in many editions, are now become common and familiar facts to us. It is all but impossible now to throw back the

imagination into the time when there were none of these, or to bring back in fancy the year when the grand discovery of printing stirred the soul of every monk in Europe, and touched the earnest men of those old days with awe and wonder like a new revelation from heaven. The spectator to-day who looks back is sure to be impatient with the slow progress of the art of printing, and to criticise the first types as crude and rudimentary. But those rude wooden and metal pieces are the omens of progress. That friendless German laid the foundations of the art that dominates the world. John Gutenberg, from thy brain came the mightiest of the whole race of modern giants, and the longest and sharpest arrow in the quiver of Thor.

Who has not stopped to watch while the parade workmen in a great exposition mold and polish those little pieces of metal called types? Not only the alphabet, but whole libraries lie in that

little font. Constitutions and proclamations of liberty are there, waiting for a patriot to arrange them. Poems the purest are there, concealed in unmeasured numbers; and histories and philosophies will start from that font at the summons of men with historical and philosophical insight. Each of them will help spell out a word; and the word itself may be a portion of the record of some great deed that will shake a throne, or of an action so base that men will be reminded of their old savagery, and hang their heads in shame. To-night, while you sleep, they will be flung by machines into great pages for to-morrow's morning papers—the history of the world for to-day.

The newspaper is the daughter of the press. The electric telegraph is the servant of both. The royal mandates of the newspaper and its servitors have gone out into all the earth. The telegraph is listening for the news in every land, prying for it into the secrets of

courts and cabinets and cabals. Into those pieces of inanimate metal the lines of all accumulated knowledge will focus. There the news will be engraved, and the quick induction be recorded.

Who does not marvel at it? It is so novel, so curious, so incomprehensible. It works its sleight-of-hand with such amazing rapidity that wiseacres become children again, and stop to wonder at it. The echo in the mountain glen will repeat the words of the shepherd or traveler a hundred times before it becomes inaudible; but here is a plaything or a deity, call it what you may, which will re-echo your words and thoughts a hundred thousand times, and fling into the ears of the world what you whispered last night in your chamber. Were it powerless for good or evil; were God not calling to us again through it, and reminding us of the eternal verities, we could well wonder, and laugh, and pass on.

There can be no doubt about its power. John Gutenberg, Protestantism calls thee blessed. The printing-press made the Reformation possible. The printing-press aided the revival of learning, quickened the mental activities of the age, and roused the spirit of political liberty which we discern in all the movements for ecclesiastical freedom. It made the Bible of Martin Luther in the vernacular possible. Martin Luther and John Gutenberg are the twin archangels who lifted the somber curtains from the frightening gloom of the Dark Ages, beat back ignorance and superstition, and turned up the dim torch of philosophy and science in the sixteenth to the bright light of the nineteenth century. The one translated, the other printed the Reformation.

We smile now at the credulity of those times. Ban, book, and candle are nothing to us. We congratulate ourselves on our better judgment as we read the decisions of great judges in

cases of supposed witchcraft; but the printing-press before our time grappled with and destroyed the widespread conviction of the ancient world that the universe was sometimes misguided by devilish forces. We smile at Raleigh's story of the land of the Amazons, and old sea-tales of floating islands, and seas so remote that winds and stars never approached them. But the press banished them for us. We have played with globes and orreries from childhood, and have forgotten that once holy mother Church racked men and burnt them because they believed the world was round. We inhale the spirit of Protestantism with our earliest breath, unconscious that once popes and bishops hurled their hottest anathemas against it, and but for the printing-press, with which to sow the Word of God, they might have strangled it in its cradle.

It is strong for pulling down evil, and mighty for upbuilding good. It has undermined faith in mythic exploits,

but has substituted in their place broad narratives of substantial facts. Homeric heroes and panoplied knights no longer fill the pages of the world's history with their councils and sallies, but the press still recounts and glorifies the deeds of those valiant souls who sailed out into unknown seas, fighting, discovering, building highways, and colonizing where others who come after them should fearlessly sail and tread and dwell. It has a trumpet of fame for every Wilberforce, Argyle, Livingstone, Grant, and Lincoln; for every Wycklif, Columbus, Howard, Nightingale, and Gladstone; for all these, "who by faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions."

It is a moral teacher. It sounds across the centuries yet the great truth that there is a moral Governor in the universe; that the foundations of the earth are righteousness and truth; that in the long run it shall be well with the

righteous and ill with the wicked. Every man has his own philosophy. You may believe that you know that you know that you know, or you may believe that you do not know that you know that you know. There is only one philosophy of history, and the press is a many-tongued voice calling across the ages this single certitude of history recorded by experience; namely, that the "wages of sin is death," and "to depart from evil is understanding." Opinions may alter, fashions change, nations rise and perish; but in the end sin will pay its price, and virtue have its reward. Holding out the torch of experience, the press throws forward a glimmer into the dark to light up the path which we must tread. Be assured that while falsehood and injustice may long grow and thrive, while oppression may fatten on weakness, and hypocrisy long masquerade in the garb of religion, at the last justice and truth shall have the throne, and come to their kingdom.

The press is an angel flying in the midst of heaven, and echoes and re-echoes in the ears of men the moral law of righteousness written on the tablets of eternity.

In the midst of your doubts about the future of religion it will reassure you with its tales of the few poor fishermen, who, from an obscure lake in Palestine, under a divine commission, went forth and assumed spiritual authority over the hearts of mankind. It has its sad chapters, and very early it will point you to Stephen's martyrdom. But from the crowd that watches him in his dying agony, you shall see Paul singled out to take his place, and be baptized for the dead. When the bright sword flashes, and Paul has been beheaded at the place of the Three Fountains, you may think the end has come; but it will cheer you with the names of Timothy, Titus, and Clement, the three mighties who grew from the spots where his blood was spilled. If

you are but patient, you will find that persecutions will not destroy the Church. Julian's apostasy does not harm it; ambitious popes and kneeling emperors only hinder it. And now, if you bid it, it will scatter these simple stories which have such power to reassure the faith of humanity, for you everywhere. This new generation can sow books and tracts and Bibles in India, China, and Japan, knowing that the harvest will be virtue and truth, and, at the last, the universal kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Is it good? You admit its power, but is it moral? Does its touch purify or taint? Take its red-backed, green-backed, thrice-daily envy and greed and jealousy. Take its bedizened vice, its thousand gibes at goodness, its base thoughts that grow into base deeds, its invasion of your privacy, its alliance with rum and the saloon, its sneers at political morality, its jests at your Sabbath, its mockery of justice; weigh all these things in the balance, sit in

honest judgment, and then tell me, is this heaven-sent? Can this maudlin, profane, giant press have a moral power in it, and ever become the ambassador of God?

Let me plead for it. It should mirror public sentiment. By right it should give us power to see ourselves as others see us. If the press is full of murder, arson, scandal, bribery, and political corruption, it is because these are in the world. Man's heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. When the press ceases to tell of human faults, it will be a dead institution. The press must reflect, and there is no true likeness without a shadow. Let the press, then, throw vice upon the glass until the world hates it, and paint beauty and truth there until the world learns to love it. Happy for us that it reflects good as well as evil. It may tell of the black forces of evil, but it brings me also the shouts of men and angels all over the

world. It tells of Mackay and his life of sacrifice after his soul has gone from Uganda. Who would have heard of him without the press? It tells of William Taylor's victories in Africa, and of the scattering of the gospel like the myriad leaves of autumn over India. Like a beacon-light flashing from hill to hill, it tells me every day that the Sun of righteousness is chasing the mists from the hilltops, that there is sunlight in the valley, and that soon the last long shout of the harvest-home shall go up from a redeemed earth.

The Church has need of the press. I wish the young men who read this brief chapter no greater responsibility than to sit in the editorial chair of a great daily paper. If one such should read it, let me say to you now, have a care what you say to-morrow, and how you say it. Eternity's mists are upon your forehead; eternity's ocean is beating at your feet. Warning voices are calling from drifting planks and shattered

wrecks all about you; they are the cries of lost souls. Some storm-tossed ones may escape the breakers and reach the harbor, if you do your duty. I stood yesterday on the North River wharf, and watched a great steamer push out across the Atlantic. One man on the bridge held the life of my old college friend and the lives of two thousand others in his hand. Two men flung a hundred thousand other men into a death-grapple at Shiloh. Young man, on the staff of a great daily paper have a care. You hold a greater responsibility than the man on the bridge or the general in the tent. You hold the destiny of souls in your hand. To-morrow you write the words that may goad on to despair doubting, trembling, hoping souls, and push them to the gates of death; or, if you pen them well, which shall guide up the rainbow path to heaven. The curse of God and men will be upon you if you drive one immortal soul to ruin, and send him

forsaken down the path to oblivion. Turn the men who read your words fair and clear for temperance, the Sabbath, the Church, to the Cross, and towards the city of foundations, whose builder and whose maker is God. I feel an inexpressible solicitude for you. Write so justly, so gently, so charitably, that when you point, men shall behold the Savior of mankind; and then, when you are in your grave, your words shall go speeding on the errands of humanity.

# IV

# DEMOCRACY.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good."

—TENNYSON.

"The whole world is coming every year to the level of republicanism and self-government."

—W. T. STEAD.

"The monarchy assuredly is not bound up in the annual payment of 4,000 pounds to a wealthy nobleman for walking backward with a colored stick on state occasions."

—HENRY LABOUCHERE.

"Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all." —ST. PAUL.

## DEMOCRACY.

THAT the world has changed, the stars themselves witness. The sky to the Latin farmer was a dial-plate on which the stars were pointers, and the constellations his monthly almanac, from which he learned the best time to prune and sow and reap. The morning star called him to labor, and the evening star sent him home to supper and to rest. Every star was to him a deity, or the abode of one. And what we call science has changed all this. The new generation counts its hours on the mechanism of its own hands. Sirius and Orion still pass nightly over our heads in splendid procession, and are nothing more to us than so much matter in space whose sidereal longitudes we have fixed, and whose chemical composition we have obtained through the spectroscope. We have all gone

searching for material causes, and many of us have been landed by this self-same science in the blank vacancy of spiritual negation.

Along with science has come democracy. It would be difficult to explain the comradeship between them, but the fact itself can not be denied. Science has discovered and found the tools which, under moral control, will elevate and ameliorate the condition of the race. It has made necessary less drudgery and degrading toil. Science has educated the vast aggregate of human beings most interested in these changes by the school and the press. The people, since the invention of gunpowder, have been drilled in large armies. In the modern times they have been organized in large factories. Science has thus made democracy conscious of its power and able to make use of it, and so has deserved the friendship of democracy.

Science has also taught that not work,

but idleness, is degrading. Between the old Greek democracies and ours there was one vital difference. They employed slaves. Certain mean work was to be done, and slaves captured in war were compelled to do it. Even a man who sold his service was a slave all but in name. Your free Greek was above labor. Aristotle prescribes four studies for the citizen,—grammar, drawing, music, and gymnastics. These subjects open endless avenues of knowledge; but work, the greatest educator after all, the great Greek left out. Books, lectures, and discussions are a wonderful complement to work, but never can become a substitute for it. Science allows no illusions, and teaches that in work alone is salvation. It has thus dignified labor, and again deserves well of democracy.

Democracy is friendly to Christianity also. It can be illustrated in the same way. Christianity has made an end of the notion that manual labor is dis-

honorable. The founder of Christianity was a workingman, and democracy gets its inspiration from the Nazarene. The dumb, toiling millions that he came to save were thus made conscious of courage and nobleness. Christ was the friend of industry, and dignified it. He chose fishermen as his first apostles. St. Paul, the first great missionary, was a tent-maker. Christianity has never allowed idleness, and whatever charge may be brought against the monastery of the Dark Ages, it must be confessed that the industry of the monks was one great element of safety to civilization in the mediæval night. Industry is essential to Christian character. Christianity will tolerate no idleness even on the part of unfortunate eldest sons. Courage, prudence, justice, and wisdom come with labor only, and every man worth calling a man must be able to maintain himself by honest industry.

The first result of democracy, naturally enough, has been political. It

enunciated the doctrine of equality, and armed itself against all who denied it. Its first struggle was with the occupants of thrones, and the political result is a western hemisphere of republics, the practical republics of England and France, and the constitutional limitations upon other European sovereigns. The following list of dates will mark the political growth of democracy as embodied in constitutional form: 1688, the English Revolution; 1787, the American Constitution; 1789, the French Revolution and Constitutional Convention; 1810, the United States of Chili; 1861, the United States of Colombia; 1864, the United States of Venezuela; 1870, the French Republic; 1889, the United States of Brazil. Even 1893 is notable for a wide extension of the suffrage in Belgium, and the largest concession to democracy.

Its next struggle was with the aristocracy. The nobles helped it against thrones, but now its struggle is with

the nobles themselves. Aristocracy of birth had its part in the development of society, but can not much longer be tolerated in government. It is amazing that it has continued so long. This huge democracy preaches an ominous gospel against it. The House of Lords in England, a branch of the Legislature, owns collectively fifteen million acres of land, with a collective income of £15,000,000. Notwithstanding their wealth, many of them are place-hunters. They are clamorous for decorations, and dip heavily into the public exchequer. They persistently oppose every reform that will militate against their own class interests. No sane man would for a moment advocate a legislative chamber composed of enormously wealthy men, absorbing vast incomes from land, and deriving great sums from pensions. Yet this is true in England still. Aristocracy of birth is dead. Like a withered bough, it hangs lifeless on the tree of human

government. No wonder that to-day the English democracy is shouting in thunder-tones to bishops and nobles, "Your established Church must be disestablished, your House of Lords adjourned forever; pensions and overgrown salaries must be stricken from the roll of expenditures; the army, with its titled figure-heads of dukes and earls, must be disbanded; even the crown itself may rest upon the brow of a commoner. This is the age of democracy."

The identity of its ethical spirit with that of Christianity is unmistakable. It is accused commonly of being irreverent. It counts all men equal, none superior, and therefore reverences none. This charge fails to distinguish between reverence and some other words. Reverence is not reserve. Reserve is one of the growths of liberty. We do not speak to our neighbor; for, being our equal, he may regard it as an intrusion, and resent it. Democracy thus makes men shy of each other when they meet

as strangers. Political liberty sharpens social exclusiveness. Your servant's vote may be as good as your own, but the old Greek probably never forgot that one Athenian was worth ten Asiatics at Marathon, and would always discount political equality. Cromwell's Ironsides were the smallest political minority, and only Christianity could lead them to believe the other Englishmen were their equals. Equality has banished the claims of an inferior upon a superior for recognition, and the desert of courtesy has gone with it. This single element of reverence may be wanting.

But real reverence is more than this. It is respect for the authority of law, and gratitude for a beneficent service. These elements democracy can claim for itself. Kings and the money power, and the Church, have in all times trampled at pleasure upon law, and, in some awful moments, it must be confessed that the people have been im-

patient of authority. Like some giant in a fit of epilepsy, the convulsions of democracy have been painful, and even pitiful, to behold. But the long suffering of the people under oppressive laws is proverbial. The commonest rights are often withheld from them year after year, with no result but a good-natured complaint. Rulers and laws are nowhere held more sacred than under forms of republican government. Here in the United States the President is treated with respect by all parties. They honor the office. As a candidate, everything about him, even his private character, must stand the test of merciless criticism; but once elected, he is sovereign, and treated as such. Whether personally worthy or unworthy, his authority is respected. "Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people?" said Abraham Lincoln; and, after all, he voices the belief of this age of democracy, that there is as much virtue and

reverence in the plain governors of themselves, the people, and more than in autocrats, aristocrats, and plutocrats. Their gratitude for faithful public service is beyond question. They make their own political fortunes who serve the people well. Cromwell and Napoleon, Gladstone and Lincoln and Grant, are terrible prophets; but the people from whose ranks they sprang, and the commons who made them, will hold them in eternal honor. Like stars that shine in the canopy of all centuries, time can not dim their brilliance; they shall not wax old. No saying is more true than that of the quaint, homely War President: "You can fool some of the people all the time, all the people some of the time; but you can not fool all of the people all of the time." They know their friends, estimate lovingly their service, and are grateful for it. If you serve them like Wilberforce or Shaftesbury; if you go to them on errands of mercy,

like Florence Nightingale or General Booth, your face will shine above the altar of their devotions like the image of a saint, and many a prayer will they offer and many a vigil will they keep for your safety and success.

There is, beyond question, a world-drift for popular government. The socialism of Germany is only suppressed democracy. The constitutional king of Italy is the real voice of democracy raised against a government by a papal oligarchy. Nihilism is the loud protest of the Russian peasant against autocracy. The Belgium populace voiced their demand for suffrage by strikes, and the Chamber in a tremor of fever conceded it. The Brazilian democracy has lately driven the last crowned head from the shores of the New World, and the new generation joined in the cheers which heralded this event around the world. The Sandwich Islanders have just deposed their queen. Thor shouts once more. The Japanese

constitutional monarchy has taken its place in the family of nations. The moral forces of democracy are leavening even that gray beard of the nations, China. The king is dead! Long live the people!

It is novel as a fairy tale. There is an irresistible element of novelty in democracy. No one can read the story of Abraham Lincoln—how down before the pine-knot fire he obtained the rudiments of an education; how from rail-splitter he came to be President and martyr—and not wonder. What a marvel that the boy Garfield should leap from the tow-path to the White House, or that Henry Wilson, from his shoemaker's bench, should at last come to lead the Senate! No one can read the biographies of the sons of the people, and not feel that here are illustrations of novelty which all the ages of despotism do not supply. The new generation is heir to the self-help and helpfulness which grows out of it all.

It is, we believe, the Spirit of God working upon the minds of men. Its words are not always the wisest; but its restless, convulsive energy is not altogether foolish. Valiant and victorious, it has stepped from the creeping centuries, and now looks out upon us everywhere. It laughs at "divine right," sneers at pretension, cries "Away with the pride of blood and place!" and inscribes upon its banner, "Liberty of conscience, freedom of opportunity, equality before the law." Reform bills and education are its peaceful footsteps, revolutions are its mighty strides. It is hope and inspiration to the rising host. It is the work of God; and let the world pray that, in the great day of its power, Christ, who inspired it, may be Sovereign of the earth.

# V.

# The English Language.

"And the whole earth was of one language."

—MOSES.

"Parthians and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God. And they were all amazed, and were in doubt, saying one to another, What meaneth this?"

—ST. LUKE.

"Till the war-note throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

—TENNYSON.

## THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

UNITY of language was the original birthright of the human race. Modern philology has as yet succeeded in explaining only what may be called the sub-modifications of human speech, and is confessedly unable to account for what appears to be its main divisions into Semitic, Aryan, and Turanian tongues. An Assyrian tablet, the Chaldeans' legends, as well as Genesis, call attention to a confusion of tongues, and to a dispersion of races consequent upon it. The story of the Tower of Babel indicates that up to that time there was one race, speaking a common tongue, and interested in a common object. The language was common, and there was a unity of design. It is plain from the narrative, whether you follow Assyrian, Chaldean, or Hebrew outline, that there was concentration of effort

upon a single project; they were building a great tower. Suddenly all this is changed. They lost their unity of language and purpose, and began to draw apart. Change of language caused separation, and separation hastened the change of speech. They interacted upon each other. Those who spoke cognate dialects drew together, and then drew apart from the rest. After the divine impulse was communicated for subdividing human speech, the tribes were left to develop their differences as they wandered farther and farther from the plains of Shinar. When once separation began, it would need only time to develop the conditions which actually exist. Greater divergence still must have occurred when they first fixed these new languages into permanent forms by drawing and writing.

However occasioned, this unity of language was lost very early in the history of the human race, and all thoughtful men must regard the confusion of

tongues, and the consequent separation, as one of the greatest punishments that could be inflicted upon the race. Pride and insubordination nowhere have received a heavier doom. It was one of the earliest, and has been one of the most enduring penalties. Jehovah sent a Redeemer for the sinning pair of Eden, and forgave the Jews often for their idolatries; but the curse of Babel still hangs like a dark cloud over the human race to this hour. We have already alluded to mountain ranges as barriers to national comity, but men are able to climb them. Great rivers, with their rapid currents, interrupted exchange of thought and productions; but the greatest barrier of all is language. The gravest loss, except the loss of primal innocence in Eden, was that which the race sustained at Babel. Original sin tainted the whole life-current of the race, but next to it in its far-reaching and practical effects was the alienation caused by different languages.

How much the possibilities of conversation contribute to human development, needs only mention to be allowed. The questions and answers of a companion give salutary interruption to the thoughts and feelings of another. The influence of these foreign words and outside thoughts supply new standpoints of observation, and from being simply a medium of communication, language has expanded into an independent organism over which we have no control, and to whose inherent nature we must accommodate ourselves. Speech may not have been necessary to thought formerly, but it is now. We are compelled to think in words. These helpful interrogations, and thoughts of others, and new standpoints of observation, were all lost through the dispersion from Babel.

Again, the lack of a common language is a continual source of distrust and enmity. Difference of speech makes men strangers, and a stranger

is easily regarded as an enemy. It makes deceit possible, and thus is the occasion of distrust. Wars grow out of it, and these render brute force supreme. It is much more difficult to adjust national differences by arbitration when the rights which are involved must, in their settlement, follow the phrases and adjust themselves to the syllogisms of different languages. Its lack hinders charity and philanthropy, and renders religious evangelization much more slow and doubly difficult. One of the first operations of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost was to give to every man the knowledge of the wonderful works of God in the tongue in which he was born. He was not compelled to wait for the slow acquirement of another language. Pentecost, with its three thousand conversions, the beginning of a new dispensation, thus indicates the mighty influence of men over men, if they can but speak together.

The ultimate goal, therefore, of the

race, must be a common language; or, if exception be taken to such a statement, let me say that the recovery of this lost heritage will, beyond expression, further the progress of the race to a union in manners, law, and religion. Whatever tongue or speech can unite the divided, and gather together the dispersed, must be hailed as a signal blessing, and if any language can be shown to be truly cosmopolitan, it will point to a removal of the curse at Babel, be counted a benefit to humanity, and the work of God. It will be unique in that no other century furnishes such an exhibition. It has a right, therefore, to be counted as a weapon of power in the hands of the new generation.

So much for an induction from the story of Babel. Here is a fact: You can travel around the planet to-day, and in every great city find an audience to hear you in the English language. English will serve you as a medium of communication anywhere in civiliza-

tion. Follow the lines of commerce, and you can travel the wide world through, using only English. The whole southern hemisphere is practically given up to it. There the stately cities of Australia and New Zealand have become rivals of the European capitals. Australia is as strong as the United States when they became independent. All North America is English. It is at least as influential as all other languages in Europe. In Asia it holds a good one-half. The Chinese and the Slavic, which divide with English the influence of Asia, could, in justice, be allowed no more than one-half. But even in Asia the English holds the cities, the centers of power and civilization. It controls the press; and English thought is presented through the press, even though alien languages are the channels of communication. English holds the commercial avenues, controls the steamship lines and the railway systems of the world.

Imagination is exhausted as we glance from the docks of London, past Liverpool, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Sydney, and Melbourne, and thence to the fabulous splendors of India and Burmah. The vast power of wealth is concentrated into the hands of English-speaking people. Possibilities of wealth beyond the dream of any enthusiast lie within the grasp of England in her inexhaustible colonial possessions.

English is now cosmopolitan as its origin. Englishmen and their language are the products of many races, many countries, and many centuries. Briton, Celt, Roman, Saxon, Dane, Norman, each contributed a fiber to the Englishman's physical power, and an element to his language. When the blood of these great nations flowed into one, there sprang upon the stage of human action "Time's noblest offspring," speaking our mother tongue. The language of this cosmopolitan is as rich as the soft loam by the Tiber, where one of

its roots grew; free as the old Teuton in the forest fastnesses of Germany, from whom it had the love of liberty; and it is as grand and rugged as the rocks and waterfalls of Scandinavia, from which one strong current flowed into it. There is a vein of gentleness in it as well, like the mist and the sun that cooled and dissolved out of primeval granite the fields of merry England. And this hardy island race, speaking this language, have streamed away to other lands, and now hold the fairest spots on earth, carrying everywhere their laws and religion, and stamping them upon rudimentary empires with a print as marked as the Roman. The old Norse sea-kings and the fair-skinned Celts renew their mighty youth in the South Continent, and grow into strong nations hardened by the suns of New Zealand and the frosts of Canada. The highest civilization on earth is his product, and it continues to absorb the best thought of all races. This hardy

race, which speaks the language which we learned in our cradles, thinks the thought and hopes the hope of humanity. It takes the Kauri pine eight hundred years to grow. It took Rome seven hundred and fifty years to rear Augustus, her imperial genius. Is it boasting to say that England, "like a precious gem set in a silver sea," and America, "a queen whose rustling train skirts both sides of the Atlantic," are daughters of a common stock; that they speak the language and hold the sovereign voice in the coming fortunes of mankind?

The almost universal English tongue indicates a new epoch. One of the signal preparations made for the advent of our Lord, and for the introduction of the gospel, was the practical universality of the Greek tongue. The Greek thought was all-pervasive. Jesus preached a sermon to them, and it is still called the Gospel to the Greeks. To whatever great city—Philippi, Corinth, Antioch, and Rome—St. Paul

might go on his missionary journeys, he would find an audience to hear him in Greek. The art, literature, and philosophy of the cultivated Roman were copied from the Greek models; and, surely, it must be counted a far-reaching providence that opened the world to the first missionaries, provided only they could speak Greek. It is not folly, therefore, to interpret this preparation of the earth in modern times by the use of a common language as the work of the Holy Spirit, to smooth the way for the reception of the gospel. And it is not unfair to conclude that the religion which English teaches may expect to become the religion of the planet. It needs only great heralds to proclaim it. These the new generation must supply or fail of its duty.

Three great languages have borne a wonderful part in the plan of redemption. The cross inscription was written in them. The first was Hebrew, the

language of religion. It was the language of the Church from Abraham to the Captivity. In its stately forms the prophets spoke, and its literature and ethics, the purest of the ancient world, became the basis of Christianity.

Greek, to which we have already alluded, was the language of culture. The New Testament was written in it. Probably Christ could speak it. It furnished ready for modification a philosophy which the early Church readily adopted and transformed. It was the language of poetry, and oratory as well; and it poured all these into the fountains of Christian learning, giving its eloquence to some, like that of the "golden-mouthed" Chrysostom, and its poetic fervor to those of contemplative mood, as the Bernards of Cluny and Clairvaux. The Greeks gave Christianity literary mold; but beyond question it owes its philosophical form and logic to them. The philosophy of the Academy, the life taught in the Porch, and

the logic of the Lyceum, still rule in the Christian world.

Latin was the third language. It is called the language of power. "*Potestas*," "*bellum*," "*virum*," "*arma*," "*castra*," and "*legio*," are favorite words with it. It flung the mantle of its protection over the cradle of Bethlehem, and stood guard at the sepulcher of Joseph. It was the language of invincible courage. Turn over the legionary where he had fallen in battle grasping spear and shield, and you would see there the face of a lion. The eagle was a fortress, where all who had a right to stand under it were safe. In many a difficulty, St. Paul protected himself by pleading his Roman citizenship.

English in the nineteenth century is what Hebrew was in the days of David and the prophets; what Greek was in the age of Pericles; what Latin was in the days of Augustus. It is the language of the prevailing religion. The

Anglo-Saxon stands related to the gospel and its ethical system, as the Hebrew to the old covenant. We are the chosen people. We hold the gospel morality, hate vice, speak the truth, honor marriage and the home. We pass restrictive laws against opium and drunkenness. We love freedom and peace, and gave the world the greatest example of love, when the two great representatives of the Anglo-Saxon, England and America, sat down in arbitration at Geneva.

But it is the Greek of the nineteenth century as well. It is the language of culture. Its poetry is the common property of the age. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, and Longfellow have ruled the poetry of the last five centuries. In philosophy it has the names and systems of Copernicus, Bacon, Locke, and Hamilton; and great Germans, like Lotze, who would influence the thought of their age, must

await a translation of their philosophy into English. The brilliant period of Spanish supremacy, before her star set at the end of the sixteenth century, is to-day being recorded in alien English; and on the other side of the globe, in the Chinese civil service, special credit is given for English science.

It is also the language of power. The hammer hand of the earth is English. The realm of physical force is dominated by her forts and fleet, flying two flags, the choicest which liberty bears in her hands about the earth. They ride victorious on every sea, and from whatever masthead they fly, or over whatever shores their shadows are cast,

"There you see the bow of promise bending
in the crystal sky,
On its glorious archway blazoned, Anglo-
Saxon victory."

It is the language of the Declaration of Independence, the language of the American Constitution, the language of

the Emancipation Proclamation, and the language of the American common school. Armies, religion, and education control in every generation. English will dominate the globe. William III put on his banner in 1688, "A free Parliament and the Protestant religion." That banner is waving yet. Let the religion of the universal language remain that of Protestant Christianity. Let its manners be simple, not those of courts, but those of free institutions; its laws founded on the Decalogue, and on the Sermon on the Mount.

It has two rivals—French, the language of European diplomacy and immorality; and Slavic, the tongue of the Greek Church and autocracy. We despise the unblushing greed and shame of the one, and hate the tyranny of the other. We are against both. We owe it to ourselves to sympathize with the Anglo-Saxon and his language in every zone, for he is for us and our Calvary.

Surely this English is a weapon of

power formed for your use, not known in the worship of the ages on earth since Babel. Babel's curse, and its consequent dispersion, is overcome. Pentecost, when every man heard the gospel in his own tongue, is come again. All men are neighbors, and speak the same language. Can the new generation rise to the tremendous responsibility which this providential event brings with it? It can, and will.

# VI.

## Emigration to America.

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"The United States is bounded on the north by the aurora borealis; on the east, by the rising sun; on the south, by the precession of the equinoxes; on the west, by the day of judgment."

YANKEE SAILOR.

"We come now, in the order of our narrative, to the happiest event in the political history of mankind—the adoption of the Constitution."

—GEORGE BANCROFT.

## EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

THE history of mankind might be called a history of emigrations. The cradle of the race was rocked in Asia; but it was soon forsaken, and one branch of that great family which parted on the Iranic plateau settled in Egypt. Egypt in turn established colonies in Greece, Babylonia, and India. Phœnicia—a few coast cities—could hardly be called a country, and yet it founded numerous colonies, among them Carthage, for centuries the rival of Rome. The Greeks migrated in large numbers, as every student of history knows, and Rome was founded by emigrants, some of them exiles on account of previous lawlessness. It was overthrown by barbarian emigration also.

There would seem nothing so extraordinary, therefore, about the tide of emigrants pouring into America annu-

ally. Half a million came in 1891, among whom were thirty-six thousand Irish, sixty-five thousand Italians, eighty thousand Germans, and eighty-nine thousand Russians and Poles.

Another plain teaching is even complimentary to these foreigners who crowd to our shores. Weak races never emigrate to any considerable distance. The Negroes never ventured beyond the place of their birth, except on some predatory excursion, and the effeminate Orientals of India are content to remain where their fathers dwelt. *Only hardy races emigrate.* All vigorous and intellectual races do move, when they can better their condition. It is the hardy stocks of the Celt, German, Slav, Scandinavian, and Chinamen that are in motion to-day.

In spite of these considerations, the average American views with alarm the swarms of foreigners crowding hitherward. So far as they are criminals, pardoned on condition that they come

to America, he is perhaps justified. Many serious-minded citizens breathe a sigh of relief that the executive authorities, fearful lest the cholera scourge should follow the lines of emigrant movement, have stopped all emigration for the present. Already the drift of public opinion seems to indicate that before this period shall pass, such congressional action will be taken as will permanently limit, if not altogether cause it to cease. Nations, like individuals, have their periods of self-examination; times when they pause, take stock of themselves, consult their bearings; and if the observation shows that they are veering, return to their true course. Such a period seems just now to have come to the United States. Citizens have become thoughtful, and are pondering well the steps they are about to take. They have been wonderfully long-suffering, and the irritation produced by the crowds of criminals and paupers, who have been "assisted" to

America, will not soon subside. Just now they seem not only thoughtful, but fearful as well. The chart in modern editions of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," in which Gibbon indicates the march of the barbarians upon Rome, is recalled, and we seem to have arranged a mind-map, in which Germans, Italians, Scandinavians, and Chinamen are brigades, and all of them parts of a common line, about to make an assault upon the Republic.

We shall do well to recall that emigration, though a single word, means two things. First, those movements, healthy in themselves, which serve to develop new regions, and have aided so much to build up the new Western Territories and the new South Continent Republics, within the memory of men of this generation. People of energy, who have made small accumulations of property, and seek an outlet for their industry and a larger field for its exercise, have a right to emigrate, and a

right to a cordial welcome in any land to which they may turn their faces.

Again, emigration means that men are compelled to go elsewhere by the conditions of life about them. There is no chance for improvement; obstacles to any small advancement encircle them; oppressive laws, restricted privileges, and caste prejudices and distinctions, bind them down to a dull routine and a hopeless existence, to which there is but one remedy—emigration.

The first class of emigrants is cordially welcomed. It is the second class, half-fed, ill-clad, and with a suspicion of viciousness about them, therefore, to which the strongest objection is made. These two classes could point a moral in regard to the Irish question. Representatives of both of them are emigrating from Ireland in fairly respectable numbers. Those supposedly desirable emigrants from that island go to British colonial possessions, are cordially received, and in their new homes are

respected, love England, and detest the propositions embodied in the phrase Home Rule. Your other Irishman has suffered at home. He has endured poverty, and almost starvation. He has been evicted by landlords and pummeled by constabulary until he has come to be openly at war with his surroundings; and what is more natural than that he should accept assistance to move to America? Naturally enough, also, when there he will not soon forget his old wrongs and the greed and injustice of his old rulers, and if he retains, through long years, a feeling hostile to the Fatherland, reasonably it can be laid to his former treatment under unjust laws.

However, it is this second class who turn to America, and to them we are to continue to give or to refuse a welcome among us. But they, much more than the first class, deserve our sympathy, and much more need the comfort and encouragement of our wholesome laws.

Unless we abandon the Sermon on the Mount, and follow the law of pure selfishness, we shall regard their coming as a providence and a charge upon our benevolence. If we have not lost our deeper insight into spiritual things, we shall see that instead of trying to decrease our home missionary efforts by decreasing the number who need these efforts, they ought to be encouraged to come; that they are strangers whom we are to welcome, and instruct, and elevate. God is sending them to our doors, and they come asking for our Protestant faith, and we can not say no. Instead of putting us to the expense of foreign evangelization, He is sending them within sound of our church-bells; and if we turn them back or hinder their coming, let it be well known that perhaps thus we obstruct the purposes of the Almighty.

There is still another reason for this emigration to the United States, aside from the injustice of the lands from

which they come. America is the greatest moral influence in the world. Great Britain is the greatest political influence; but far-off nations have heard of our liberties and our hard-won privileges, and turn with eyes of longing to these shores. The Yankee sailor who bounded America was not so boastful as it would seem at first thought. America, said he, is bounded on the north by the aurora borealis; on the east, by the rising sun; on the south, by the precession of the equinoxes; and on the west, by the day of judgment. The flashing aurora, the visible sign of the electrical energy which everywhere envelops the earth, is symbolic of the Holy Spirit all about us, under whose wonderful dispensation we live. Like the Scriptural symbol, the air, the πνεῦμα, He presses to right and left, above and below. The precession of the equinoxes might well define the purposes of God, which hem us in; and the races on the west, like Japan and China, which wait to be

evangelized, are sure to rise up before us at the day of judgment. "On the east, by the rising sun;" yes, it was the rising of the sun of liberty to millions of men in bondage to unjust laws and caste and unfair privilege, and when they saw the splendid Declaration and Constitution of the fathers, they shouted to each other and said: "The morning cometh, the day of our deliverance is at hand!" Lashed by injustice, and groaning under despotisms, they pray and plan and sacrifice, that their sons may reach liberty's land. Let them come. The patriots of the Revolution and of the war generation fought for the whole world. Events hung on the issue of those conflicts that were wider than the United States. We were then fighting the battles of the world, and it would little become us now to deny to others the liberties our fathers won for us. The new generation must bid them hearty welcome to the lands and altars of America.

Restrict them? Yes. It is one thing to deny them admittance, it is quite another to make them citizens in six weeks. Let them come and learn our American ways and customs; let their children mingle with ours in the common schools—hope of our country, invaluable for their commonness. In twenty-one years they may become citizens. Keep out the criminals and the idlers and the dynamite anarchist class, but let the others in.

But you say they will segregate themselves; they will remain little segments of their own land on our soil, demand their own languages, bring with them their own Continental Sabbath, and their antipodal faith, and so imperil our American civilization. You mistake the results. Take the Germans as an example. They, perhaps, have been the most criticised in this regard. Deep down in your hearts you should rejoice that they keep fair and clear the memory of Fatherland. They will love

the new hearthstone by and by just as tenderly. Intelligent Germans will not dispute that the German language here must pass into decay. It can not stand against our mother tongue. The process may be delayed and protracted by the arrival of new emigrants, but it will complete itself with the inexorableness of a law of nature. Efforts to keep it alive by teaching in it, preaching in it, and singing its songs, serve only to alleviate the pain of the process, and render the transition easy.

You are amazed, and tremble at the rapidity with which they come. Let that fact but stimulate you to greater endeavors to Americanize them. O Thor, see how God has trusted you! "If riches are increased," so are they upon whom you should expend them. They come, lashed by injustice, and indignant with the cruelties and wrongs they have suffered. If you take them to your hearthstones, instruct them in the love and liberty you had from your

fathers, they will rise up to bless you in other days. If you reject them, they will, with some justice, say that the United States is a sham, and liberty a huge joke. The rapidity with which they come is the call of God to you to redouble your service to them and to him.

Then there is nowhere else to go. Australia would receive them, but it is too far away. The distance and the expense makes it impossible to settle there. They have known, many of them, the intolerance of the papacy, and will not turn to the Spanish American Republics. You would not wish them to go there were they willing. The struggle for liberty in Mexico has been so prolonged that they doubt whether it has been really won, and a royal family keeps them from Canada. This is their only refuge.

No fortune, it is said, is transmitted undiminished to the third generation. It is quite natural. The first inheritor

is born and brought up amid the activities which created the fortune. If he does not increase it, he at least preserves it. The second is born in full possession of riches, most likely squanders it, and the third must begin the cycle afresh. Is this same thing true of the stores of wisdom and experience which generations accumulate? Some philosophers think so. Happily, wisdom can not be so easily dissipated as money; but, on the other hand, neither can it be so fully and perfectly transmitted as an estate. It is all but impossible that an age of invention and discovery can have an heir. Scientific truths, principles of social morality, and artistic institutions are passed on to others, and, in the passing, lose their freshness and their charm. They devitalize. At first they are like a worn coin, taken at its nominal value, though the figures are illegible, and by and by must be returned to the mint.

The third heir must begin again, and

who knows but this fourth generation in the history of the American Republic fails to appreciate the liberties bequeathed by others to them, and must vitalize and remint the hardly worn principles of other days? Are we not listlessly enjoying the banquet prepared by others? Do we not, with coarse unthankfulness, eat, and refuse even the crumbs to those under the table? Are we the noble sons of Ulysses, or are we the suitors who devour his substance, and talk about our prowess, though unable to bend his bow? Let us summon our energies, and prepare ourselves by prayer for a moral crisis. If sacrifice or patient drudgery can bring again the brightness and luster which glistened upon the Declaration of Independence, let us pay the price, and revitalize the old political faith, so near akin to those eternal principles which, at last, shall fill the earth, "as the waters cover the sea."

Out in New York harbor we have put up a statue of Liberty Enlightening the

World. There, to-day, she rears her sublime head. It is carved as a woman's face, and should therefore be tender and sympathetic. Let us see that her shield is stainless, and that no blood-spots come upon her, to keep her from flashing back the sun of heaven. Here let the oppressed from every nation find inviolable refuge and peace and hope again beneath her ægis, and let no son of despotism the round world over ever say, "O Liberty, thou wouldst not admit me to thy soil!"

# VII.

## The Opening of China.

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." —TENNYSON.

"Benevolence is the distinguishing characteristic of man. As embodied in conduct, it may be called the path of duty." —MENCIUS.

"Worship thy parents." —CONFUCIUS.

"The history of China is a striking instance of down-grade in religion. The old classics of China, going back to the time of Abraham, show a wonderful knowledge of God. There are passages in those classics about God worthy to stand side by side with kindred passages in the Old Testament. The fathers and founders of the Chinese race appear to have been monotheists. They believed in an omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent God, the moral Governor of the world, and the impartial Judge of men."

—OWEN.

## THE OPENING OF CHINA.

COINCIDENT with increasing communication, the growth of the press, the rising spirit of democracy, and the spread of the English language, is the opening of China and Japan and the civilization of Africa.

It is one of the cosmopolitan wonders that China, for centuries called the walled kingdom, has in our own day thrown open her gates, and invited the nations of the Occident to enter and teach and preach.

There are two great events happening in the lifetime of even the younger generation which served to open China to us. The first was the appointment of Anson Burlingame as minister to China in 1861, and the treaty which he afterward negotiated with the United States as plenipotentiary of China. By this treaty, China, for the first time,

claimed the right and assumed the responsibilities of a nation, according to the standards of international law. China thus became a member of the family of nations.

The other event was the culmination of the Tae Ping rebellion. The Tae Pings, converts of Nestorian Christianity, taking the advantage of internal disaffections against the Tartar dynasty, made a rebellion, and established their capital at Nanking, in 1852. Teen Wang had himself crowned as emperor, and was for a time everywhere victorious. His armies penetrated north to Tientsin, and east to Foochow. He was assisted for a time by the English, who made war against the reigning family on account of the Lorcha Arrow outrage. Teen Wang professed the virtues of Christianity, and despised the sins and idolatry of the reigning house. The surprising fact is developed that, but for the hasty submission of the Tartars to England, a professed Christian,

though a revolutionist, must have come to the throne of China. General Gordon, afterwards famous at Khartoom, then of the royal engineers stationed in China, assisted against the Tae Pings, organized the forces of the empire, and was the real genius and hero of the successful campaign which captured Nanking, and ended the reign of Teen Wang.

These events constitute the introduction of China to Western civilization. Both parties to this introduction were surprised. You who are familiar with the Western world know what this huge infant saw when his cradle ceased to rock, and he rubbed his eyes and looked about him. But his new Western acquaintances stared also. China has a vast territory reaching through thirty-eight degrees of latitude, and almost seventy of longitude, comprising five million five hundred thousand square miles—one-tenth of the entire globe. It is divided into eighteen great can-

tons, a single canton as large as two or three ordinary Western kingdoms. It is situated in the zone of productive richness between the extremes of great cold and great heat. Two great rivers, with valleys like our own Mississippi Valley, and four hundred canals, one of them six hundred and fifty miles long, are the internal highways of this vast region. Its population is variously estimated, and must be above four hundred millions—one-fourth of the race. It is so numerous that some are compelled to live their lives on boats, and is still increasing with great rapidity. It is a hardy stock, altogether different from the Orientals south or east of them. The same open door that let the nations in, let the Chinese out, and they have gone everywhere on earth. The Chinaman lives under the equator like a Malay, and bears a snowstorm or zero weather like a Canadian or a Cossack. He has his quarters in every great city on the

planet, and bids fair to become as cosmopolitan as the Anglo-Saxon.

The quality of his manhood and the fiber of his character may be suggested by an allusion to his history. Of all the nations that filled the great places in the ancient world, but two remain. The Hebrews, perhaps the oldest branch of the Semitic stock, go back to Abraham for their national founder, eighteen hundred years before Christ. Halfway between the call of Abraham and the final destruction of Jerusalem, the Hebrew civilization culminated in the age of Solomon; all after him was slow decline. Everything, even land and temple, has been torn from him since the capture of Jerusalem. He has remaining only his name and his memory; but he still exists, an actual nationality in the world. Even that is more than remains of his ancient Egyptian or Assyrian rival. But here is China—the same old China of five millenniads. It had a civilization twelve hundred years

old at the time of the call of Abraham. Physically, the Chinaman is the equal of any man on the earth, and combines with it the ability to exist under conditions that awe the political economists. He occupies, in our day, the same soil where, for one hundred and sixty generations, Chinamen have lived and died. From this soil great emigrations poured out in the dim twilight of history, led by men like Tamerlane and Genghis Khan. They founded dynasties from ocean to ocean, and the fate of every other nation has not yet passed upon China. And now this "graybeard" of the nations has opened his gates to let in Western civilization, with its steam-engine, its railways, its telegraph and electric lights, its liberty and Christianity.

Intellectually, the Chinaman is as striking as he is physically and historically. He commits to memory hundreds of pages of Chinese poetry, and the writings of Confucius. Imagination

is probably wanting in him, and the fanciful speculations of the West have no charm for him; neither does he tolerate easily the dreamy philosophizing of his Southern neighbors. He comes slowly to his conclusions; but once reached, they are the same conclusions that any logician would reach from the same premises. The logic of Aristotle and the logic of Confucius lead to the same conclusions. In invention he leads the world. The mariner's compass, gunpowder, and the art of printing are ancient things with him. And yet these left-handed ancients stand with open arms to welcome our right-handed culture. It is the pillar of fire pointing the path of endeavor to the new generation.

The richest man on earth to-day is a Chinaman. His bank account is reported at $1,800,000,000—an inconceivable sum. Fifty years ago, had China sunk out of sight in some great ocean, no nation would have missed her. The

world would have gone on as before. No laboratory would have lamented her lost science, no student have bewailed her philosophy, no sea have missed her sails. Like some cave-dweller, unmolested and unoffending, she lived within herself alone. Since that time China has become an important factor in the world's progress. Real world's progress is impossible without every nation's participation. Christianity can not be safe in Asia, or the world, with such a mass unleavened; and it is a matter of the greatest congratulation to the sincere student of this closing century that China is accessible, and that the hermit of the ages has come to the door of his cave. China is soon to be one of the determining factors in the world's future. China holds the balance of power between the two great Asiatic nations, whose seats are respectively on the Baltic and the Thames. Fifty years ago no one counted on the Dragon. His flag was a nonentity; to-day it

holds the balance of power in Asia; to-morrow he will rival the swiftest and the mightiest. Give him practice in statecraft, and he will stand for more than a pawn on the political chess-board.

Wonder of wonders, this China, the ancient of days, the fountain-head of nations and dynasties, the leader of inventions, rich, and with a mighty intellectual grasp, has opened his doors, and says, "Come in." Will any man in his senses deny that this is the direct intervention of God in the affairs of man? Will any one deny that God has pulled down the barriers of his exclusiveness, that John Chinaman may have exit, and be taught, everywhere he goes, the language and religion which his emperor is beginning to study at home? God needs a new generation of men, true, sturdy, and patient, to meet this great emergency in the advancement of his kingdom.

Christianity allies itself with the

strongest races—with the races that have force and courage in their blood. A weak race debases Christianity, and can not stand up under the stern duties it will impose; but win a strong one, and you make a fearless champion for Christianity. The last great race holding out against the Cross is the Chinese. Your fathers failed to convert him. Win him, and you have the key to a hundred victories. He will imperil the success of all future civilizing projects, unless soon made a friend. It was vital to the progress of mediæval Christianity that it should win the Teuton; nothing could stand against Trinitarian Christianity with the Teuton on its side. This race, like that, is a strategic one, and now the assault should be made.

Two forms of religion hostile to Protestant Christianity are working their way eastward across Asia—Mohammedism on the southwest, the Greek Church on the northwest. Neither of

these will grant us the religious liberty which we must have, and which China now allows us. When Rome civilized the Gauls, she was building bulwarks for herself against the barbarians. It was Theodoric the Goth who saved her from the Huns. The converted Gauls won the day for Christianity against Mohammedanism at the battle of Tours. Had the Gauls not been converted, the followers of the Crescent would have triumphed. We shall build our own battlements in the same way again if we win the Chinese. They will be an impregnable rampart against the bigoted Greek Catholic and the fanatical Moslem. The Chinese are strong enough to stand like warriors on guard, and perform the stout duties of Christians. He is ready for Christianity, with its vigils, its fasts, and its solemn vows. Put the gospel into the hands of China, and you arm the strongest ally and recruit the mightiest battalion for the armies of the Lord of

hosts. You will see China become the very vanguard of the Church of God. She waits only for the gospel to make her the greatest of all peoples and the joy of the whole world.

We are now standing before the open portals of another century. Before we enter them, let us give China the Bible, the Word of God, the secret of greatness and permanence. Now, while this Chinaman is in the enthusiasm and faith of his modern youth, while he is yet tender to impressions and plastic to a master hand, he must be molded for gospel truth and righteousness. "The nineteenth century is the century of the Anglo-Saxon; the twentieth century is the century of the Slav," said Macaulay. He should have said, the twentieth century is the century of the Chinaman. Unless wise interpreters of current events are mistaken, the Chinaman and the Anglo-Saxon will hold it together, or fight for its supremacy.

# VIII.

## The Opening of Japan.

"But most of earth is still from thee concealed
Until that period of futurity,
When all the globe contains shall be revealed.
Pass not unmarked the islands in that sea,
Where nature claims the most celebrity;
Half hidden, stretching in a lengthened line,
In front of China, which its guide shall be,
Japan abounds in mines of silver fine,
And shall enlightened be by holy faith divine."

—CAMOENS.

"For mankind is one in spirit, and an instinct bears along
Round the earth's electric circle the swift blush of right and wrong.
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibers feels the gush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have equal claim."

—LOWELL.

"We therefore hereby declare that we shall, in the twenty-third year of Meiji, establish a Parliament."

—MUTS-HITO (MIKADO.)

## THE OPENING OF JAPAN.

THE same providence is manifest everywhere in the universe. Sometimes it is suggested by a ray of light from a star, which, after flashing on its way for fifty years, arrives on the planet just in time to light a struggling sailor to a plank in safety. The coincidence of a drowning seaman, a floating plank, and a ray of light, suggests that God is still governing the world.

In the year 1851, six hundred miles from the coasts of the outlying islands of Japan, a few Japanese sailors, their vessel a wreck, were drifting helplessly in the ocean. An American ship picked them up, and brought them to San Francisco in safety. Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, saw in these rescued seamen the opportunity for an expedition to Japan. Out of this grew the world-famous voyage and em-

bassy of Commodore Perry, who, forty years ago, without the firing of a gun, or the shedding of one drop of blood, and leaving no ill-feeling behind, opened the gates of Japan, which had been barred against all comers since the days of Philip II. Daniel Webster spent his life mainly in the Senate, and in opposition. But few opportunities to display his executive power were ever given him. This is one notable instance, and it is one of the greatest achievements of his life, and a signal annal in the history of our Republic. Who can but regard it as a providence, that a man of his sagacity should be Secretary of State at that critical hour; that he should make a quick induction from drifting sailors and a closed kingdom, and set in motion the forces that would unseal to civilization this hermit nation? If a ray of light, a plank, and a struggling sailor may suggest a beneficent Ruler, how much more a drifting crew, a masterful State Secre-

tary, and the opening of the Sunrise Kingdom!

Isolation was never the policy of old Japan. An extensive Japanese commerce was carried on by both Spain and Portugal after the middle of the sixteenth century, and the Dutch never entirely abandoned their trade with Japan after the year sixteen hundred. It was not in the nature of the Japanese to be Ishmaelites, with their hand against the world, and the world's hand against them. Their adventurous spirit early drove them from their island home, and previous to the introduction of Romanism, they treated shipwrecked foreigners humanely, and easily assented to proposals for mutual trade.

The Roman Catholic priests are mainly responsible for the exclusive policy. The first Jesuit missionaries, Xavier among them, possessed purity of character and talents of a high order, and within twenty years of their arrival, three hundred thousand Japanese were

converted to Christianity. The spiritual and temporal fertility of the soil attracted swarms of friars of every sect. Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits jostled each other, and became rivals in securing advancement for their respective orders. Their domineering behavior, their claims to miraculous powers, and the doctrine that allegiance was owed by Christian converts to a sovereign pontiff reigning in Rome, naturally aroused the jealousy of the Japanese rulers. These causes, and the conspiracy formed by them against the Shogun, led to a bloody persecution. And yet it was not Christianity to which the Japanese objected, and for which they persecuted the Christians, but on account of political meddling. It was political interference, so serious that the very existence of the State was threatened by it, to which the Shogunal powers objected. The expulsion of all foreigners was the result. The policy of isolation was entered upon, and

Japan has hated Rome ever since. Hatred of Romanists by the Japanese was so well understood, that Colbert, the great finance minister of Louis XIV, recommended to his sovereign that only Protestants should be sent upon the French embassy to Japan.

Perry went to Japan in 1853. His stately fleet was an object-lesson of peculiar force to a people to whom war was the noblest vocation, and among whom military powers were esteemed the highest. This show of naval power to an insular people, themselves seamen, was most impressive. If this impression was partly false, at least it assisted greatly to accomplish the object of Perry's voyage. He succeeded in opening the country by treaty to foreign trade and intercourse, and Western learning, science, and the Protestant religion began to affect, for the first time, the national life of Japan.

The country, after the departure of Commodore Perry, was at once thrown

into conflicts and debates on the question of foreign intercourse. This led the Japanese to investigate for themselves the points in which Western civilization was superior to their own. They could not resist arguments applied in the form of powerful ships of war, knowledge of military and naval science, useful articles of manufacture, and the superior intelligence shown in the West in regard to geography, astronomy, navigation, and medicine. They sent young men abroad to be educated in Occidental science, and, on their return, responsible positions in the Government were open to them, and they thus acquired a superior formative influence.

"The older order changeth, yielding place to new," but men are loath to quicken their pace and keep step with the march of events. A rebellion, led by the Tycoon, followed the abridgment of his privileges enjoyed for centuries. The Mikado was successful against him, and in 1868 the Shogunate

was entirely abolished. The progressive elements have been in control ever since. Converted to the belief in the superiority of Western civilization, the Imperial Government pursued with the greatest energy the policy of its introduction. The years of reconstruction have not been free from serious mistakes, irrational attempts, and useless experiments; but what nation or ruler can boast of immunity from errors of one kind or another? In the words of an American journalist, "It is too little to say that, during the last dozen years, Japan has made more history for itself than in the preceding two centuries and a half of its annals. It has exhibited transformations, the like of which have required ages to accomplish in any other land."

In 1868 the first audience was given in Japan to foreign representatives by the Mikado. Since then Japanese legations have been established in the United States, England, Germany,

France, Austria, Russia, and China. How wonderfully rapid has been their progress in Western ideas! Feudalism has been abolished by the voluntary relinquishment of the fiefs held by the Daimios, the feudal lords; common schools have been established. They have built railways, established steamship lines, erected lighthouses along the coasts of the four thousand islands which constitute the Empire; organized an army; bought and built a navy; liberally endowed institutions of learning and benevolence; revised their old laws and codified new ones; reformed the coinage; abolished old barbarities; adopted the Gregorian calendar in 1872; and in 1875 the present Mikado crowned it all by promulgating a decree pledging a constitutional form of government.

What a spectacle for the race, when, in 1889, this constitution went into effect! Men of all lands wondered at it, and it was a tremendous gain for

democracy all around the world. The Mikado who thus yielded to the influence of the age, was the sovereign of the oldest line ruling on earth. He is the one hundred and twenty-third monarch of a line that goes back before the destruction of the Hebrew temple. The usually accepted date of Jimmu Tenno is 660 B. C., so that it was no vain boast when the present Mikado, in the opening sentences of his proclamation, alludes to a family dynasty reaching over twenty-five hundred years. Yet this sovereign promulgated a constitution, and put limitations upon the despotic power which one hundred and twenty-two ancestors before him had enjoyed, and obeys to-day the mandate of the people.

Self-government could have no fairer field to put itself to the proof than in Japan. The Japanese mind delights in politics.

It is possible that representative government is established there more in

form than in fact. The Parliamentary history thus far would justify the conclusion. Men do not easily learn self-control, and it is as difficult to teach it to nations. So far, however, as the first election shows, it would seem that a slow extension of the suffrage, and a gradual appreciation of the power vested in the ballot, will render the new liberties of Japan as safe as our own. The first election was held on July 1, 1889. It was naturally a day of the greatest interest and excitement, and yet everything passed off quietly and with the gravest decorum. There were at least three candidates for election in every district, and in some places from twelve to fifteen. The American desire for office seems to have been at last communicated to the people of this kingdom. The qualification of the voter, in addition to his age, is the payment annually of fifteen dollars taxes; ninety-four per cent of all the voters in the Empire cast their ballots. The ma-

jority of the electorate declared for a liberal and progressive policy. The first speaker of the Imperial Diet, Nakashima Nobuyoki, a man of large political experience, is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and an active Christian. Shimadi Saburo, the politician of next greatest influence, is also a Christian, and editor and author of a remarkable historical volume containing the narrative of the opening of the country. Like our own Government, the Japanese has three departments—executive, legislative, and judicial. They have a supreme court, seven courts of appeal, and ninety-nine courts of first instance. What a strange heathenism!

Next to politics, the Japanese mind delights itself in industrial activity. They have completed already over two thousand miles of railway. Great electric lights hang all over the great cities, and even illuminate the imperial palace. Thirty-six mills have been built for spinning cotton-yarn, with almost four

hundred thousand spindles. There are fifteen daily papers in Tokio. The Buddhist faith circulates twelve great journals, besides over three hundred minor periodicals. The Japanese have invented an almost smokeless powder. They have themselves built a navy of thirty-two steel vessels, and manned them exclusively with natives. They have fifteen new steel men-of-war now building in England. There are only six foreigners in the Japanese military service, and their standing army of over two hundred thousand men is drilled to perfection.

An easy comparison might be instituted between Japan and England. Japan herself is the England of the Pacific. Like Britain, the Japanese islands are set like gems in the silver sea. They are contiguous to a great continent, in which Japan is destined to exert the same influence that England exerts on Europe. The daily papers credit Japan with the intent to

obtain possession of the Hawaiian Islands. So that the Island Empire of the Occident has already this rival in the land of the rising sun.

What a strange heathenism is this! They practice our own surgery and medicine. They translate our books of philosophy, and read them by thousands. Evidences of Christianity are more read there than here. They have the common school, the printing-press, the electric telegraph. It would be surpassing strange if old standards of public morality were not altered by Western ideas; if, along with Western inventions, there did not come new conceptions of individuality and responsibility. This is already true beyond any definite facts which might be quoted to justify the statement. Take, for example, the rescript of the Mikado, inculcating moral duties. While in America we are debating the propriety of what we call legislation on moral questions, this heathen emperor has is-

sued a decree warning his people that the only progress worth making is moral progress, and into twenty lines has compressed the fundamental moralities of a Christian civilization. The minister of home affairs has done what no Western politician would dare to do. He issued a letter of instruction to the Buddhist priests, in which, among other things, he rebukes them for their "disgraceful struggle for wordly honors and profits." There is no heathendom on earth so strange as this.

The struggle of religions in Japan constitutes a veritable epic period. Great leaders, skilled counselors in a world all their own, are there concerned in the progress of events which are worthy to be recounted in the oratory and poetry of the future. To begin with, there are one hundred and ninety-three thousand Shinto temples; seventy-two thousand Buddhist temples, each with groups of priests and attendants. There are ninety-two Christian churches in

Tokio alone, and two hundred and fifty thousand nominal Christians in Japan. Shintoist and Buddhist are allied to the old civilization. They are allies of the Tycoon, and believe in the old policy of isolation. Christianity is allied with the new order of things. Here, as everywhere else, it holds the future. The conflict is not along the line of doctrinal development, but rather in the direction of a moral reformation. In 1889 there were 340,445 marriages, and 107,478 divorces. They license prostitution. The first business of Christianity there is to reform the national and individual character. It must teach temperance, Sabbath-keeping, the stern commandments of the Old Testament law, and purify the home. It must abolish concubinism, and lessen divorce. The very idea of a Christian home must first be transplanted on Asiatic soil, and all that is worth having of civilizing influence must wait its growth.

In spite of its hard ethics, Christian-

ity can easily win in Japan. In the year 1605 it was estimated that 1,800,000 Japanese had embraced Romanism. So well had the Jesuit missionaries done their work that the nation was about to swing on its rusty hinges from one system of religion to another. But Rome's grasping priesthood overreached itself, lost all that had been won, and the nation once more swung back to its ancestral faith. Now, on the boundary of a new century, the religious thought of Japan is once more in a state of suspension. This time the gates of its soul-kingdom must swing outward. Thor's mighty shoulders must push them open to the Christian faith. They hate Romanism, but they welcome Protestantism. Men of scanty college education can not satisfy the better educated Japanese mind; neither can men of small spiritual experience guide the more consecrated converts. It is a field for men of the ripest training, the sternest integrity, and for those who re-

new their consecration to the living Christ every hour. Paul, Bertha, and St. Patrick have no richer laurels than those which await the men of the new generation sufficient for these things.

Already eminent Japanese are urging the adoption of Christianity on economical and political grounds. For purely ethical reasons Christianity is acceptable to the Japanese. Dr. Gracey says: "Japan is ripe for the Christian religion as no other nation is on the globe, and it is possible Japan may become Christian by a royal decree in a single day." Certain it is that Christianity is honeycombing the land, presides over its Parliaments, is reforming its morals, and has everywhere in the Sunrise Kingdom the widest hearing. There may be a tone of general irritation shown by the killing, by outlaws, of several missionaries, notably the murder of the Rev. Mr. Burge; but it is as much due to the rice famine as to opposition to Christianity. It is the

last growl of a decrepit giant, who sits grinning in his cave, unable to harm those that pass.

Who can measure the wide reach of the rule of God? He rules where he is not recognized, and undergirds where he is not known. Japan is open; the last barrier is broken down. In Japan the press, democracy, and the English language and liberty have culminated in the creation of a civilized nation. In our own day God has brought about this strange awakening, and he who in his own good time shall have all dominion, has laid upon us the responsibility of its spiritual conquest. The pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, no more clearly pointed the path of journey to the wandering Hebrews, than does this strange opening of Japan point the path of duty to the Christian world.

# IX.

## The Civilization of Africa.

"Cush shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." —ISAIAH.

"Back then, complainer, loathe thy life no more,
Nor deem thyself upon a foreign shore,
Because the rocks thy nearer prospect close."
—KEBLE.

"He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where duty bids, he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all."
—COWPER.

"Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."
—HEBER.

## THE CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA.

WE have seen how China and Japan, populous nations, with homes established, and possessing in their territories important resources for the development of the world, have opened their gates to Western civilization. The opening of Africa is a manifest providence for the same catalogue. The wonder about Africa is that the Occident has allowed it to exist so long in its crude barbarism. While the progressive Oriental nations invite us in, the interior of that great continent, comprising the gloomy valleys of the Nile, Niger, Zambezi, and Congo, and the shores of the five great African lakes, swarm with fierce tribes of savages, that beat back commercial and missionary enterprises. They are broken remnants of nations, isolated, exercising

no influence, controlling no resources, and, in many cases, fast dying out. Their total extinction would not affect the world; its material development would go on unhindered without them, and its spiritual progress would suffer no loss. They are the lowest grade of humanity, their religious sense is almost a blank, and from one standpoint their evangelization is unimportant.

The movement, then, for the opening up, civilizing, and salvation of Africa seems like the direct influence of the Holy Spirit upon the heart of the race. It is cosmopolitan as our age, as England, America, Germany, Portugal, France, and Belgium are all concerned in it. It is beneficent, as there alone slavery remains to curse the earth, and this conquest will remove it. How pitiful in comparison does its ancient wonder of the pyramids seem to this occupation of the last unoccupied land on the globe, and the rearing there of mighty Christian nations!

Africa is interesting to the historian; for along the banks of her mighty Nile the first great civilization of the world was built. Fifty generations before the Phœnicians crept cautiously about the shores of the Mediterranean, and five thousand years before DeSoto swept down the Mississippi, the Nile bore upon its bosom the builders of the pyramids, and for centuries this highly developed civilization resisted the assaults of all comers.

It is interesting to the Hebrew, for in that land the chosen people of the old covenant served as slaves. There Moses, their great lawgiver, was born; from thence Jehovah led them with a "stretched out arm," gleaming before them with the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night. From Egypt they carried the false notions of religion, which reappeared in their frequent lapses into idolatry.

It is of especial interest to the Christian, for it was Africa that offered the

Son of God protection and safety when all other refuge was denied to him.

In all historic times the vast interior of Africa has been the raiding country for slavery. Old Egypt only extended to the first cataract. From there to the Cape Colony it is twenty-three hundred miles as the crow flies. From Aden to the west coast it is twenty-three hundred miles, and, if you make all proper deductions, there are five million square miles of territory in new Africa. Out from under the equator the Nile flows north, bearing upon its banks the glory of the twenty-six great ancient dynasties, and the proud structures of the Ptolemies. Out from under the equator the Congo is flowing, and, by every law of human judgment, should bear upon its bosom and along its banks nations as vast. There are no more new worlds; but in Africa one-half of the old hemisphere remains to be subdued for the uses of mankind.

The mission spirit is now concen-

trated upon Africa as it has not been since the days of Cyprian and Augustine. From the fifth century to the middle of the nineteenth it has been unexplored. Only the barest outlines of the continent were known. How all this is changed! Maps of ten years ago are obsolete now. Pause and think of the New Congo Free State; think of the broad belts of land in its great interior unexplored, whose lakes, mountains, and rivers are now known; recall the discoveries of Speke, Baker, and Schweinfurth; the missionary journeys of Moffat and Livingstone, and the long marches of Stanley through the silent forests; follow William Taylor in his walks from mission station to mission station; reflect how the Church has interested herself in the suppression of the slave-trade and the African rum-traffic. The painful, desolate wail of Mackay, who gave fourteen years of his life to service in Uganda, and died at the age of thirty-nine, has sent a thrill

through the Church. The blood of Bishop Hannington is crying from the ground, and has come up before the throne. The conviction is growing that the world is to be saved or poisoned as a whole, and Christendom is beginning to feel that the black paganism of Africa is threatening the universal victory. They are now determined to Christianize it. Raise the cross, and all things harmful fade away. All the precious fruits and flowers of human life flourish beneath its outstretched arms. The noblest minds and most heroic souls of the modern faith have offered themselves to set it up in Africa, and the accomplishment of this purpose the Holy Spirit has laid like a burden upon the hearts of men.

The gateways of every continent are the great rivers. Up these civilization must push. The equatorial lands of Africa are the most valuable on the globe; but the condition of elevation which renders them healthful and fer-

tile, makes them difficult of approach. Stanley dissected and laid bare the heart of this inland plateau. He says that it consists of the elevated basins of four great rivers and five great lakes. To reach the ocean these rivers must descend somewhere by a series of rapids, through gorges in the surrounding mountains. The rapids of the Congo reach to the very mouth of the great estuary into which it flows. The insuperable difficulties of approach to equatorial Africa will appear if you will compare in your mind the ease with which you may float into equatorial South America by means of the Orinoco and the Amazon. These physical difficulties render Africa self-centered and secluded, and must be overcome. A vast population may thrive in the interior, but are now shut out from foreign trade and intercourse. The opposition of the natives must be overcome. The Nile must be cleared of Mohammedan fanatics, and from Alexandria to the Albert Nyanza the

flags of Christian countries must float. It is too late to plead sentiment in behalf of ignorant Mahdists, warlike Umyamyembe and Kaffirs, or lean, ugly Hottentots. A railroad is now in process of construction that will open up the Congo for sixteen hundred miles, and railway portages could easily be built about the Nile cataracts.

The material resources of the great interior make its subjugation a commercial enterprise. Except the coast country it is fertile, healthful, possessed of all the metals, and there Stanley found the greatest rubber forests known to men. Its mines and the products of the lake countries will add much to the permanent wealth of the world. The English gold-piece of larger circulation, the guinea, derived its name from the great western gulf which washes its shores.

The scientific interests impel to a thorough knowledge of Africa. What the desire to discover the philosopher's stone has done for chemistry, the desire

to discover the source of the Nile has done in Africa. But besides the wish to see the spring from which the Nile flows, there are other motives equally strong. Treasures wait for the botanist and the geologist at every step. If there are any proofs for the suggestions of the evolutionists, they will be found there. The Dwarf races, in every way dissimilar from the Esquimaux, invite attention. Evidence for or against the descent of the five great races from a common stock are to be sought in Africa.

The moral motives are apparent. Some think it advisable to withdraw from these inferior tribes, and concentrate all our efforts upon populous nations, that constitute a power and have a future. Against this suggestion we have, first, the Divine behest, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Again, we should joyfully recognize the power of Christian love. Love to God and to men is the life of the Church. This love begets

missionaries to the very lowest. If the spirit of love shall cease to raise men up, and thus stop activity among them, it would prove something wanting in the Christianity of our day. A jewel would fall from its crown. And, once more, God has promised to pour out his Spirit "upon all flesh." Prudence requires that we watch for this Divine quickening, and a watch-tower, at least, with a chamber for prayer upon its roof, should be built in the midst of every pagan tribe. If you discontinue missionary efforts, you give the future of Africa to the Arab and the Moslem faith. Mohammedanism is winning its way among them. It has the advantage of a certain simplicity. It prescribes a round of duties, frequent ablutions and prayers, and pilgrimages to a certain tomb. It puts itself upon social equality by marrying with them. It allows polygamy. These two concessions to savagery count for more than any actual duties that accompany their religious

system. Love, truth, and integrity of character, the Christian virtues, are not easily taught to races that live in hovels, and have no instinct to build for perpetuity.

Two things now exist in Africa to the shame of Christendom. The first of these is slavery. That no man can be a slave to his brother is true the round world over, save in Africa. There the Arab slaver is desolating whole States to enrich his purse. Great gangs of slaves are continually marched from the interior, and the skeletons of those who die in the march line every pathway from the interior. "Slaves can not breathe in England," and we, who purchased the freedom of our own black race by the blood of fathers and brethren, owe it to ourselves to wage a war of extermination upon the Arab slave-trade of Africa.

The second cause of shame is the rum-traffic. A native African chief defined Christianity as the "barter of rum

for ivory and slaves." There can be no doubt that the large shipments of rum to Africa are destroying by thousands the native races, and enfeebling and deteriorating those who remain. It is one grave charge that American Christians make against the Senate of the United States, that it delayed for a year to join in the treaty of the seventeen nations for the suppression of the African slave-trade and rum-traffic.

But if I have mentioned two things to the shame of humanity, I may also be permitted to mention two things to its glory. The first of these is the heroic qualities that belong to some of the native Africans. Whether you follow the black faces that carried Livingstone his last mile, or read the sacrifices of some of the Liberian emigrants, or look into the eyes of the men who pushed with Stanley down the Congo, you recognize there the same elements of manhood and heroism that fill the libraries of the world.

And what shall I say of the heroic men who have made their lives a continual sacrifice for the dark continent? What a glorious gallery of immortals the world can show of those "who counted not their lives dear unto them" for the good of Africa,—Moffat, whose daughter sleeps on the edge of a nameless South African jungle; Livingstone, whose body lies in Westminster Abbey, but whose spirit haunts the great continent to which he gave his life; Hannington, whose brave death for the faith proves that the age of martyrs is not yet gone by; Gordon, on the stairway at Khartoom; Pocock, in the rapids above Stanley Pool; and Stanley, who, if he still lives, it is only because God has yet a great victory to be won by his arm. See him as he stands upon the shore of that great, far-flowing inland river. What river is it? It was the interrogation of centuries. Livingstone, Baker, and Schweinfurth had seen it; but none had ever traced it to the sea.

The Arab slave-trader refused to go farther, but Stanley said, "I will go on." And so he pushed bravely on and down. When he came out on the west coast, the interest in African exploration, which had been dead for fifteen centuries, revived, and one of its great interrogations was answered. There is stern stuff in men still. The man who, when Tippoo-Tib turned back, "floated out into the unknown," may well fill the place of honor in the gallery of African heroes.

# X.

# Missions.

"All martyrs and noble men and gods are of one grand host; immeasurable; marching ever forward since the beginning of the world; the enormous, all-conquering, flame-crowned host, noble every soldier in it, sacred and alone noble. Let him who is not of it hide himself; let him tremble for himself. Stars at every button can not make him noble; sheaves of Bath-garters, nor bushels of Georges, nor any other contrivance; but manfully enlisting in it, valiantly taking step and place in it. O heavens! will he not bethink himself, he is so needed in the host?"

—CARLYLE.

"Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light,
It is daybreak everywhere."

—LONGFELLOW.

"Alpha et Omega, magnus Deus,
Heli, Heli, Deus meus."

—HILDEBERT.

## MISSIONS.

WE come in the order of our specification to the last of these prodigies which manifest the leadership of God in our own times. There is a sense in which all that has gone before converges here. Intercommunication, the press, democracy, and the spread of English, all focus in missions. Foreign missions were first practically organized in the nineteenth century, the first that can properly call itself Christian. The contributions to missions from 1800 to 1840 were two and one-half times as much as all that had previously been given in America for foreign evangelization. From 1840 to 1860, half the time, the amount increased in the geometric ratio of two and one-half. But even with this increase practically maintained for another twenty years

the impression is left upon the sincere student that the Church has done little more than play at missions. Every standpoint we have taken in the preceding discussion points to the possibility and necessity of enlarged missionary enterprises.

But missions have also a distinct suggestion, containing in itself the marks and portents of a peculiar command from the skies. Let us explain the mission movement in this way.

Scarcely any subject requires more delicate handling than the present influence and status of Christianity. In questions of this sort there are sure to be two parties; one who will actively exaggerate its influence, and another who will passively undervalue its past achievements and present power. The differences are in part subjective, but each party will find facts in the history of comparative religions to justify its position. History, when summoned to the witness-stand, will prove almost any-

thing. You can believe, with Hegel, that all is an unfolding; or with Schlegel, that all is retrogression; or with Ecclesiastes, that "the thing that is shall be;" and from the volume of accredited history you can marshal an array of facts to prove your philosophy true. Whether you believe that what we call Christian civilization is stationary, progressive, or in decline, you will be able to substantiate your position from some chapters in the history of Christianity.

We shall all never be able to agree as to the general indirect and involuntary influence which Christianity exerts. Like the solid in a chemical reaction, which by its mere presence affects the crystallization of a fluid, we allow Christianity such an indirect influence. But just as the chemists will variously estimate the power of this crystallizing force, so this general and indirect factor must be allowed to go undetermined.

But there are, in addition, certain definite and direct forces in current

Christianity for which we may hope to find a standard of measurement.

Christian history for the first five centuries is a determinate, of which the doctrinal statements which are held to the present hour, and the conversion of the Latin races, are the expression. The next ten centuries give us something just as definite. Somewhere in those ten centuries the Teuton was converted. That was its great victory. It will not be too much to say that since the early days of our faith it was its greatest triumph, for when the Teuton yielded, and put his stanch shoulders under the cross potentially, the Anglo-Saxon, the easy master of our own age, was won.

Since that time no new laurel has been won commeasurable with the conversion of the Latin or the Teuton. There has been, no doubt, a strengthening of position. Much has occurred which will properly fill the pages of the historian. Great alternatives have

been offered and great decisions made, but no event so promising for Christianity as those will greet the candid eye since then. The Sandwich Islanders have been converted; so have the Fijis. India is ripe for the harvest, and is rapidly being garnered, but is bread-tree fruit at the best. It may be doubted whether any of them will be able to stand up under the stern orders which Christianity will issue. The event of such another race conversion still waits.

The missionary movement holds a promise of it. It ought to be able soon to accomplish it. Once more the Church of God is moving for great victories. "Go ye into all the world" has been a whisper for centuries. It is now thundered upon the heart of the Church as never before. It makes one's heart leap high with hope to see the mission-tide rise in every Church. Creed discussions and denominational differences have scarcely delayed it. The modern hosts look for the world's conquest, and cry,

like Nelson's order at Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty."

The science of medicine has won its control over diseases of all climates; the doors of the nations are open; women have been organized for work which only they can do; intercommunication has reduced distances so that the terrors of extradition and the sacrifices of isolation are reduced to a minimum; young men and women, the sons and daughters of the noblest in the land, recruited from the ranks of the colleges and the young people's societies, have offered themselves by thousands for foreign work. These providential indications have met a generous response in the enlarged gifts of the Church, which only needs faithful prayer and teaching to multiply tenfold. It is in the promises that the world is to be converted, and we believe in estimating honestly the forces gathering for its accomplishment, that nothing can long stay it.

This new generation should see it accomplished.

Let me indicate, first, briefly the directions whence the victory may be expected.

1. A great race conversion, such as either already mentioned, may occur.

2. A rival religious system like Buddhism or Mohammedanism may become so weakened as rapidly to disintegrate.

3. But beyond either of these there may be expected a marked deepening of the religious life of the nominally Christian world.

Any one of these, as the result of missionary effort, will make an epoch; and when the possibility of all of them being realized is considered, the leadership of the Holy Spirit will become apparent, and none will dare doubt that the mission movement is the work of God, and not the work of man.

It requires only a brief survey of the world to convince the reader that there remain only two races whose conversion

could be ranked in importance with that of the Latin and the Teuton. The first is the Jew, the second the Chinese.

The Jew is fair ground for a victory of the most overwhelming proportions. He has no country, but he does have his hand upon the business interests of the world. The financial power of the despised Hebrew makes war or peace on the Continent of Europe. Though dispossessed of his ancestral inheritance, the Jew retains his original identity. The characteristics of his physiognomy distinguish him far less than do his qualities of mind, and the stubborn persistence with which he has rejected Messiah, and clung to the matchless Deity Jehovah, represented by that unsyllabled, four-lettered name which Moses received at the burning bush, and which was so long unpronounced as to have become absolutely lost.

One of the cardinal features of the Jewish faith, which we hold in common, is the unity of God. It is easy to see

that had the Arian symbol of the Son been adopted at Nicæa, one great obstacle to his conversion would have been removed. But now, with the larger charity of our times, and with the candid admission that, after all, the Trinity is an incomprehensible mystery, it is not too much to hope that the Athanasian symbol will yet win its way with him. Large numbers of the Jews of Europe and America are Unitarian Christians, who at least have ceased to affirm that Christ was an impostor. Thirty-five hundred of them are reported to have organized themselves recently in New York City, into the Synagogue of Christ. In large numbers they are now undergoing conversion to the Greek Church in Russia. This conversion is perhaps a matter of policy, and almost compulsory, like the baptism of some of Charlemagne's legions. The devout may well question its desirability under such circumstances, but that he will surrender his faith rather than

leave Russia, shows that the hold of his old religion upon him has noticeably declined.

The Chinese will not be the subject of such immediate expectancy. But the interest of the Christian world centers upon him. The Chinese is the oldest, the most numerous, the most virile of existing unconverted people. He possesses a country so extended, and a civilization so complicated, that were he really won, it would be the beginning of the end. There is no question that Japan would follow. Likewise, the conversion of Japan and its introduction to Christendom, more expected, would hasten the conversion of China. China and Japan have always more or less influenced each other. A Chinese legend makes one Sin Fu the founder of the Japanese Empire, and no less an authority than Friedrich Von Schlegel seems to indorse the statement. Should Japan become Christianized, it would quicken the missionary

impulse and would capture the outworks of the older and stronger Chinese civilization. But China will not yield without a long struggle. How important, then, that Chinamen by thousands have come to America, and how foolish does the action of our great Government seem in the light of recent congressional legislation! Every city, and almost every town, has an opportunity to assist in the education and moral enlightenment of the Chinese. In many places this opportunity has been used to its utmost. A single Chinese school in a comparatively small Eastern town has taught English to over fifty of these Chinamen, fifteen of whom have been converted, and joined the Christian Church. They yield readily to Christian influences. The enterprise and virility of the Chinese who come to America, and their influence at home, through regular financial support, make the conversion of a Chinaman here worth two converts at the other side of the

world. So that any law which restricts their coming is doubly unjust to the Christian Church, and every Chinaman who gains admission to America simplifies by so much the greatest Christian problem of the new century—the conversion of China.

Christianity is not compelled simply to repeat former victories. It is face to face with other religious systems, and could it master any one of them, it would have a conquest to its credit worthy to be catalogued with the proudest triumphs of the faith. Christianity has already overwhelmed national religions, like Druidism in Gaul and Britain, or like Judaism; but these victories are paralleled by Buddhism over Brahmanism, or Mohammedanism over the Persian faith. Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity, each may justly claim to be catholic religions. Each aspires to become a universal faith, and could the Cross win against either, it would be a pledge of speedy triumph,

and would make the age of missions illustrious. It would make our own generation one of the fairest in the records of eternity.

Buddhism already begins to show signs of a rout. It must be confessed that the decline of Buddhism dates before the beginning of modern Christian missions. Paralysis had fallen upon it, and decay was working at its heart; but Christianity has hastened its decay as nothing else could. It can not endure the contrast with Christianity. Buddhism teaches absorption finally into the Infinite, and assures men that, after almost endless soul transmigrations, they will at last reach up to God. But comparing this to Christianity, with its teaching of an incarnate Son, who came down to earth to lift men up to God, and who suffered upon the cross for a world's redemption, how much it suffers by the contrast! There is a veritable break-up of Buddhism in Japan. Dr. Abel Stevens, the historian

of Methodism, five years ago preached, through an interpreter, in a Buddhist temple in Tokio, to twenty-five hundred Japanese, while the priest of Buddha, in gloomy silence, surveyed the scene. One glance at the black hulls of Perry's fleet conveyed to the Japanese the impression of a great military power, and that impression has never been wholly dissipated. The Japanese Buddhists admire a strong faith which inculcates with such beautiful metaphors the military virtues. One look at a genuine Christian life will produce the same religious impression that the white sails of Perry's fleet made nationally. If our Christian life, which, as we have before observed, takes men of stern fiber to bear its cross, could be lived by any large number under the observation of Buddhists, it would win them by its very sternness.

We are meeting Mohammedanism in earnest now. Moslems hold Egypt and the Nile Valley, divide India with us,

and have outstripped our faith in reaching Persia, North Central Asia, and Afghanistan. They meet us on those frontiers from which we are turned back, with their babbled creed, such a strange commixture of truth and falsehood, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

Christianity and Mohammedanism have their resemblances and differences. It has more in common with Christianity than any other false faith. Arabs, in common, claim descent from Abraham, pretend to honor the law of Moses, and admit Christ as a prophet to their ranks. Islam is the foe of idolatry, and maintains the unity of the Godhead against polytheism. Mohammedans are unitarian, and Christianity is trinitarian. Their system teaches the sheerest fatalism, while Christianity follows free will. Its ethical duties are easily inculcated. It teaches prayers five times a day, certain washings and fasts, and yet leaves its followers free to follow passions and in-

clinations accounted the most vicious by Christians. Its very likeness to Christianity has been its secret of resistance. The Mussulman claims that his faith embraces all that is worth retaining in the religion of Christ, and in everything else is an advance on it.

Thus far the territory of Islam is almost untouched by Christian missions. It is less than ten years since the first Christian mission was established at Aden, and the evangelization of Arabia attempted. And yet this is the very center of Islamism. It has seldom been beheld by Christian eyes, save when in the guise of a Mussulman. Thither come the annual pilgrimages to the birthplace and tomb of the prophet at Medina and Mecca. These pilgrimages are occasions of the greatest religious fervor, and there is promise of no such Christian harvest on earth as may be gathered there. That lone missionary in Arabia should be re-enforced by a hundred others, and the tired pilgrims to

the tomb of a dead prophet should be pointed to the resurrection glory that hangs above Joseph's tomb in Calvary, and to a living Christ.

But a sterner course than evangelization must be used with Islamism. They deserve, and they should receive, no quarter from the Christian world. As in the rise of Islam, the prophet's followers gave the choice of Koran or sword, in turn its devotees should be coerced by Christian nations into the fundamental moralities and decencies upon which international society is now based. It is easily done. Palsy has already set in. Turkey is a rotten husk, and but for the desire of several European powers to possess Constantinople, the Turk would long ago have been lashed out of Europe. France holds Algiers and neighboring North Africa. England holds Egypt; and the short gap between the English and the Germans in Central Africa could be closed in three months. India is in the hands of

the English. The Sermon on the Mount must wait, so far as Mohammedanism is concerned, until the way is cleared by English and French men-of-war, and the ignorant Mahdists recognize the virtues of the hundred-ton guns manufactured by Herr Krupp.

However, a result of the mission movement, more worthy of the new generation, more worth an estimate, and more immediately desirable than either of these, would be the *marked deepening of the religious experience and life of the nominally Christian world.* When the Hebrews and Chinamen are nominally converted; when Buddhist and Mohammedan have been put to shame, there will still remain to be accomplished, the round world over, the work which must be done in nominally Christian countries; namely, making nominal Christians real ones.

How to make nominality reality will then become the greatest problem before the Church of God. It is now.

The nominal conversion of the world is practically reduced to a money question. The Church can have the world nominally in any five decades when it is willing to pay for it. It is true that "the course of events is apt to show itself humorously careless of the reputation of prophets;" but one may discern the signs of the times, and mark the shadows of coming events. It is not mere speculation to anticipate the nominal conversion of the Christian world.

But while Christianity is lengthening her cords to include the world under her canopy, she must strengthen her stakes at home in order to support the extension. These supports are a deepened piety, integrity of character, and a consecration that is renewed every hour. A counterpoise to world-wide extension must be entire surrender of the individual heart to the will of God. The Church must ascend into the unfrequented paths of Christian expe-

rience, and, by a living union with her Lord, make veritable the promise, "The works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these."

Bishop Foster sets forth the motives to a higher Christian life in the following words: "Never since the beginning, we believe, was there a more interesting, a more important period, than the present moment. Contemplated in any aspect, it is pregnant and portentous; a grand culminating point is undoubtedly approximating; never, therefore, did the Christian Church need to be so wide awake, so much alive as now. Like a majestic vessel, riding into harbor under the pressure of a fierce storm and a full sail, the world seems nearing the port of destiny; she needs now, if ever, experienced and adroit hands to bring her safely and speedily to the moorings. The great harvest is ripe, waving with world-wide expanse. Sturdy reapers are wanted. The materials are at hand, and the temple is rising out of the midst

of them—builders are in demand. The Church is not ready to meet the demand of the times; and her want is in a vital point. It is radical—at the heart. Not that she is more deficient than formerly. This we do not believe. The Church of the present, compared with the Church in former centuries, even in her palmiest periods, makes men's hearts leap high within them. Her light, her missionary zeal, her soundness in the faith, her enlightened enterprise, her real piety, all fill us with hope. But, after all, there is a want growing out of the present crisis—a want which nothing outward can supply—which Bible societies, missionary phalanxes, universities, and even a martyr's devotion and zeal, will not make up. It is the want of that higher life which the Church may have—nay, which she must have, before the consummation of her mission; that deep and entire consecration of her means, that yielding up of her whole heart, that quenchless

love, that unabating concentric and universal effort for the salvation of souls, that abandon of self, that recognition of the doctrine of stewardship, which will lead us to life for God and the race."

No one can read these words and not feel that the author has plainly pointed out the greatest need of the Christian Church, and that it stands intimately related to the dearest interests of Christ's kingdom. Missions have emphasized it as nothing else could, and showed its duty as well as the correlative question of privilege. At home and abroad, the superior blessings which follow Christianity are being realized.

Just as organic germs cease a few miles out at sea, unable to maintain themselves in the pure salt air, so the men who give themselves to the foreign work learn most quickly in the crucible of loneliness and discouragements that every passion and caprice and ambition, every "bleating sheep and lowing ox," must be utterly slain before they can

succeed. High motives prompt most men to enter the mission-work. They go forth inexperienced, but sanguine, exuberant with hope. They know the virtue of self-renunciation in a measure, and in their nobler moments they are prepared to sacrifice their lives for His "sake and the gospel's." But they find the divine religion of Christ so invested with human wrappage, so hedged about with sacramentalism, sacerdotalism, and sectarianism, so hampered by worldliness at home and abroad, that it is small wonder if they lose their first enthusiasm, and if the "dew" of their "youth" becomes soiled with the complaints and repinings and hardships of their isolated life. Prayer becomes a duty; the heart, instead of turning upward to God, turns in and preys upon itself, and any kindling joy, or sweet refreshing from the Lord, is made the subject of morbid analysis. Thus many of them, in sheer despair of other relief, have been driven to the "secret

place of the Most High." Their Master meets them as he met Peter outside the gates of Rome, and tells them that he is going to be crucified again. They come under the blood once more, and they are crucified with Christ. At the cross they find freshness of faith and hope and charity. Internal commotions subside, devout affections grow in intensity, and their seemingly hard lives take on the radiance of the transfiguration, and the power of the resurrection.

It would be strange if this experience was not reflected in the Church at home. These same men come home with their stories of success and failure. How often, as they stand wasted and worn before our luxurious home congregations, the arrow of conviction strikes home, that they failed because we did not pray for them nor sacrifice ourselves with them. They bear the scars of wounds that our prayers or faith or generosity would have spared

them. They went out from the same halls of learning with us, and from the enchantments of the same Christian society. They spent their years of youth and hope in public bazaars and private hovels in India and China; camped among cannibals; ate and slept amid the smoke and vermin of a Zulu kraal, and dwelt safely, though tremblingly, in the habitations of cruelty and in the abodes of lust. They have risked health and contracted even leprosy, for the gospel's sake. Others are going out equal to these, if not equal to themselves, for all find times of exhausting depression. And while they have gone, lifting the doors of paganism off their hinges, we live ignorant of their work and sufferings. These thoughts have moved many to a study of missions, and more to self-examination and to self-denial. The Church has grown high-souled as to the dishonor of missionary debts, and the determination is growing that as much sacrifice is re-

quired on the part of those who give as they must make who go.

This yearning for a deeper Christian experience is testified to in many other ways. A new emphasis is being put upon character and integrity. Experience ought to be emphasized, but religion must henceforth make men upright. It must be able to refute the charge which a Hindoo made against a missionary, "Your book is better than your life." The Salvation Army, the Epworth League, the Christian Endeavor Society, the King's Daughters, and the White Cross movement, are all an outgrowth of this yearning and determination to attain to a more elevated plane of Christian living.

So are the debates concerning amusements. All questions of life and conduct in hours of leisure pale into nothingness alongside of the great truth that men are dying about us by generations; that we hold the imperial keys

to the kingdom of heaven, and by our lives—epistles known and read of all men—we open heaven or bar its gates against them. While we laugh and make merry and dissipate our religious energies, they are moving up the rainbow path to heaven, or to the galleries of despair. God has nobler designs upon us and upon our social natures. We have a divine lineage. The human pedigree reaches back to God, and this consciousness of our relation has brought the determination to be worthy of it. And so the young men and women of the Church by thousands have separated themselves to higher things.

Mrs. Hemans came one day upon an eagle by a river's brink, with the film creeping over his eyes, and drooping pinions. She knew he was the bird of the mountains; that those filming eyes were made to peer straight into the sun, and those mighty wings to wrestle

with the storm and tempest, and so she wrote:

> "Eagle, this is not thy sphere;
> Warrior bird, what dost thou here?
> Why, beside the river's brink,
> Do thy drooping pinions sink?"

That was no attitude for the king of birds; and I hail it as one of the portents for a wider conquest and victory for the Church, that multitudes are seeking a higher life, and refuse to spend their days idly dozing on beds of ease, or with dwarfing energies by rivers of pleasure. They have covenanted with their souls for the long ascent of the mountains where He dwelleth, that, after prayer and beholding the face of the invisible God, they may return bedewed and bejeweled, like Moses, to burn idols and punish their worshipers, or, like some mighty archangel, to glitter in the earthly train of the All-conquering King.

# XI.

## Method and Agents.

"I go the way of all the earth: be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man; and keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, to keep his statutes, and his commandments, and his judgments, and his testimonies, as it is written in the law of Moses, that thou mayest prosper in all that thou doest and whithersoever thou turnest thyself." —DAVID.

"God has committed to us a great trust; he has given us a great power; he has put the millions into our hands to be molded and fashioned; he has given us the key-position in the crisis hour; he has made us the heart of the host—the hand of the right arm. America will determine the future of the world. From her will emanate the deciding factors. We ought to be chief among the determining factors of America. It is not possible for others to deprive us of that position if we do not prove ourselves unworthy to hold it. *The winners will be the workers!* Methodists of America! I would not inspire you with the spirit of unholy rivalry, or stir you up with desire, or ambition of ascendency or leadership; but in the name of your Lord, I exhort you, emulate all; if you may, transcend all in the magnificent service you render humanity in the crucial time of its struggle. Let your voice be heard, loud and clear, ringing over the field in the thickest of the fight, and let your standard be seen steady and moving at the head of the advancing column. Let humanity learn to look for your colors, and to know that where they fly are truth and victory!"

—BISHOP FOSTER.

## METHOD AND AGENTS.

THE recent advances in medical science have resulted from a determination on the part of physicians to co-operate with nature. This is now a cardinal principle. Counter-irritants may still be a good thing in certain cases; but the old method of fighting fire with fire, and making the patient's body the field of the conflict, is no longer followed. The modern physician's aim is to weaken the forces operating against nature, and thus reenforce her. The remedies he prescribes are to allay certain abnormal conditions, and relieve nature of her handicap. Thus relieved, nature can be trusted to accomplish her own cure.

Systematic theology is progressing by the same method. It first repudiated all theories inconsistent with the God-given impulses of the human heart,

and then conformed itself to the common teachings of integrity and of love. It attempted to give these practical application. It was thus turned toward temperance, philanthropy, and moral goodness, and in seeking to advance these has been led to a truer estimate of Jesus, his atoning blood, and his infinite love.

This indicates also the method by which the great purposes of God, so plainly taught in the school of events, are to be accomplished. The new generation must co-operate with God; follow the leadership of the Holy Spirit as indicated by opportunities, resources, and direct commands. Some of the resources and opportunities have been indicated in the preceding chapters. The direct commands have all been given, and are written down in the Word of God. The greatest of them all Christ gave at Bethany in the hour of his ascension: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in

the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." There is no rival command to this. It is the bugle-note that summons Christian men to duty, and is the first faint, sweet note of the far-off and yet nearing victor's song.

While you co-operate with him you will of necessity be compelled to join ranks with every one of his followers. Five years ago some of us had the privilege of visiting the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New York City. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church met at Philadelphia at the same time. The same week the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, South, met at Baltimore, as did the General Baptist Association at Washington. These four great denominations thus met on the seaboard, within easy distance of each other, and we visited them all. A five hours' ride would bring you over the

distance which separated them. This indicates the true relation of denominational Christian bodies to each other, and their duty to the age. They met in the East—therefore rising in power and splendor like the morning. They met by the sea, and therefore could take quick shipping to any part of the earth on their evangelizing mission. They were close together.

Not only are the opportunities and resources at hand, and the commands issued, but the plans are already formed. Philanthropies are already organized, which, if they could accomplish their objects, would leave no hunger unsatisfied, no suffering unrelieved, no age or childhood desolate. Hospitals, orphanages, dispensaries, and homes startle us by their multiplicity and variety. Orders of deaconesses, fraternal societies, and associated charities and industrial alliances, as well as Epworth League settlements, abound on every side. There are Sunday-schools everywhere; so are

the Bible Societies and Tract Societies. Colleges and universities have been projected, and have made an honorable beginning in endowment sufficient in number and equipment to bring to every American the advantages of an education in the liberal arts, and the most comprehensive professional training. Home and Foreign Missionary Societies have such perfected machinery, that, properly worked, they would secure a generous contribution from every member of the Christian Church—indeed, from every member of civilized society—and bring the gospel to every man on the globe in twenty years. Formerly, genius had to create its opportunities, and then employ them. Other generations planned their campaigns, forged their weapons, and then fought with them afterwards. But this new generation finds its opportunities already created, its campaigns planned, its weapons forged.

It remains only to indicate the agents

and to point out the men who shall participate in these movements and execute these enterprises. It is easier to plan than to work the plans. All human and divine movements gather about persons. Love for systems and devotion to ideas there may be in the generic whole, which we call society. But great actions are always incarnate in heroic men. The supreme question of the hour is for men who shall have the genius for accomplishing things. Civilization is in extremity for men, full rounded men, who shall execute these enterprises, round out these schemes to completion, and consummate the purposes of their existence. The machinery is organized, the plans devised and drawn upon the trestle-board. The generation of organization must be followed by one of performance.

No record would be more honorable for the rising host of Christians than that they should pass into history as the great *executive* generation; the gen-

eration which accomplished the projects handed down to them by others; *the generation which brought things to pass.* Let them come to their places in these great organized philanthropies with such helpful sympathy, and press these agencies so persistently and enthusiastically that they shall have glorious realization; let them enforce benevolent legislation already enacted; let them hurry the wheels of every ameliorating enterprise, and crowd the ranks already deploying against the hosts of darkness; let them stand firm, "and having done all, stand;" let the generation lay the accumulated stores of wealth and wisdom which their fathers bequeathed to them upon the altars of the Church, and, within the lifetime of men now living, end the struggle for the nominal supremacy of Christianity; let them do these things, and their sons after them will build monuments to the noblest generation who ever were marshaled upon the earth.

Nothing is more natural than to expect that the new generation shall become this great executive agency. Youth is no hindrance; it is rather a help. It has often been remarked that many of the soldiers of the late Civil War, on either side, were mere boys. The regiments were full of young men far below the age of compulsory military service. A distinguished clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now stationed in New York City, enlisted as a private at the age of fourteen years and seven months. A distinguished ex-governor of Ohio, who early enlisted as a drummer-boy, surrendered his drum and shouldered a musket when he was not yet sixteen years old. These young men in the regiments, with easily recruited physical powers and youthful nerve, would stand a long campaign, or fling themselves at a breastwork with an unflinching daring and ardor that no veteran of the "old guard" or of Wellington's "iron brigade" could surpass.

Splendid courage, noble purpose, and great enthusiasm are the special endowment of youth. There is an elasticity of nature and a boundless confidence which age, taught in the hard school of experience, does not possess. These are successful elements wherever they are possessed. They alone explain the wonderful careers of Alexander, Pitt, Napoleon, Livingstone, Stanley, and their contemporaries in youthful fame. There seems, therefore, a propriety in Deity committing progress to the new generation. In the freshness of their youth they possess motives which older men lack. The fathers have won their laurels and have covered their breasts with decorations of honor. The new generation has its spurs yet to win.

The Church is beginning to learn that if it fights its battles royally and wins them easily, it must employ the burning zeal and heroic energies of young people's organizations, like the splendid Epworth League of the Meth-

odist Episcopal Church. The world was saved by a young man. When Jesus was on the threshold of manhood after the thought of men, he went out to Calvary and redeemed the world. Why may not this youngest organization of the new generation, standing on the threshold of dominion, take pattern of him, consecrate their young manhood and womanhood to him, and give to every man speedily the opportunity of hearing of his name and his dying love? These young people's organizations ought to bring to the Church an element to be neither enlisted nor drafted elsewhere. Like the young soldiers, they can be outdone in devotion and ardor by no saint nor aged veteran in the Church of God; and their organization at this focal time when providential events are converging, points to them as the intended agents.

But youth alone is not enough. It must be youth with the greatness of soul. Great as are the powers of young

men and women, without great souls they will be incapable of measuring any great object or event, or of accomplishing any great purpose. Plato and Hegel both grew eloquent over the subjective world—over the thought that nothing outside of man can be great or good unless he have greatness and goodness within to respond to it and to interpret it. Paul says: "What man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of a man which is in him?" A man can not understand the grandeur of Milton's poetry unless he have a grandeur of soul by which to measure it. A man can not hear music appreciatively unless he have a musical fiber which responds to harmony.

"There is no music in the babble of the rill,
Unless there be the harmony within."

And so the youth of the world, this new generation, can not feel the deep weight of responsibility upon them unless they have deepness of nature; nor can they

estimate these mountains of privilege unless they have great souls. With this possession of youth and soul-greatness, their songs will thrill the armies of the Lord, their testimonies will inspire saints, and their hours of devotion will send kings and millionares to establish closets of prayer. As the generation matures, it will rise to its great opportunities. The faith that now embraces a promise for a community will then enlarge to claim the world, and the eye which now sees only a few miles will sweep eternity of space with its mighty vision.

But it must be youth with goodness as well. Society has hitherto been unable to appreciate the character of Christ in all its fullness and power and completeness. Sin has so ensnared the feet and blinded the eyes that few have been able to appreciate him as "the fairest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." Goodness will aid you to appreciate goodness as "in a glass

face answers to face." Habits of sin are easily formed; one sin leaves a wound from which the life can never completely recover.

"I walked through the woodland meadows
Where sweet the thrushes sing,
And I found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing;
I healed its wound, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soared so high again.

. . . . . .

But the bird with a broken pinion
Kept another from the snare,
And the life which sin had stricken,
Saved another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation,
There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soars so high again."

If this generation, with greatness of soul, can keep its record clean, and come forward with holiness and goodness enough to appreciate adequately, truly, and deeply the great character and purity of Christ, the world will be

won to him, and he will change into his own image the men of all races. Men will not then be lacking to suffer for the gospel's sake in every land. And the new generation, like the knights of the White Cross, will be able to sing:

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure;
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

With youth and greatness and goodness of soul every single man becomes a host. A single soldier can save the battle when the line wavers. The march and movement of the many are always directed by a few great men. It is perhaps too much to expect that all shall come forward with the utmost devotion and equal consecration; but it is not an unreasonable expectation that the Epworth League and kindred societies should furnish a hero for every crucial hour, a leader for every forlorn hope, and saintly spirits enough to bear through famine and fever the glad news

of salvation to the pagan world that sits in the darkness and shadow of death on the shores of five great oceans. A Gaul chieftain once tasted in his own land some of the wine of Italy. He called his clan together, and, as they raised their beakers to their lips, the chieftain pledged them in a great oath never to rest until they should drink that same wine on the very hillsides where it was pressed. They knew that it meant long marches and stern battles, but they took the oath. Agreeable to their vow, they pushed over the mountain barriers to their south, and in barbarian hordes ravaged northern Italy. Some fell, but they fell with their faces toward the foe. They camped at length, their purpose accomplished, on the green hillsides of Latium. "Go disciple all nations," said Jesus, and pledged in the command his disciples to accomplish it. Christ himself has pledged leadership in the great task long repeated to men, and set again before this new generation. Happy the

multitude who can see in him an adequate leader and Savior, and obtain a place of honor in the march! I believe Thor is ready, and will wield his hammer well. Let every member of the new generation dedicate himself to accomplishing this new command. Let us all covet a place near the great Captain, and aspire to become one of his trusted lieutenants.

"Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He 'll take thee at thy parting breath
To his divine abode."

"I go the way of all the earth; be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man." They are the words of a father to a son; of a king to a prince; of the representative of one generation to the leader of another. They were spoken by David to Solomon. David had been a shepherd lad, then a hunted fugitive, then the head of a tribe. He had risen, step by step, to kingship in

Israel. He had bound together the twelve scattered tribes into one united and powerful people. Every rebellion had been crushed, every foreign invasion had been repelled. He had fought many long and bloody wars, enlarged his country's borders, enriched her treasuries, strengthened the hands of her religion, and had conquered for himself and his people an honorable peace. But now, grown old, full of honors, with treasuries overflowing, and projects for building a great temple to Jehovah in his mind, the sands of life ran out, and he had come to the end of all things earthly. Like Moses at the burning bush, waiting for the command of God, Solomon, his son and successor, stood beside him to hear his last words of counsel. David's mind hurried backward, and his heart was full of the visions of his youth. He recalled the strength and courage and purpose of his shepherd days, and now, when Israel's glory was fading from beneath

his eye, he remembered the stepping-stones to greatness. How solemn and weighty was the charge to his son: "Be strong," "show thyself a man," and "keep the charge of the Lord thy God to walk in his ways!" Further than this, human counsels can not go, and beyond their keeping this sorrowing prince can not hope to pass.

These words are the last counsels of the fathers to this new generation. The hands of a great generation have been laid upon their heads; the shadows are behind them, light and hope are beckoning onward, and the portals of a new century stand open before them. O generation of the Epworth League! be strong and make full proof of your manhood. Your fathers subdued the wilderness; they blazed their way through its pathless wilds, felled with sturdy blows the giants of the forest, founded there new States, and erected there, on sure foundations, the columns of liberty. Do you, in your day, lay

axes to the giant growths of unrighteousness, and cut off the rank roots of intemperance and immorality. They turned over on the long prairie the first virgin sod, and sowed there harvests of waving grain. See to it that you overturn the despotisms of selfish power and privilege, and sow in their places the fair growing harvests of the brotherhood of man. As David united the tribes, do you bind up and bring together the great denominational organizations of Christianity. If you are members of the Epworth League, let it be your purpose to consolidate the great branches of American Methodism, and make the followers of Wesley harmonious, united, and irresistible once more. American Presbyterianism should be one. American Methodism should be one. Do you see to it that the sins of the fathers are forgiven and forgotten in your day, and that Methodism becomes once more the standard-bearer of the Christian Church and the right

hand of religion. David planned a temple; Solomon built it; there, in the fullness of time, Messiah was made manifest to Israel. Your fathers built log school-houses and churches; do you build them out of stone and unyielding iron, and let men find peace and hope under the Savior's outstretched arms within their walls. They built colleges; do you endow larger ones. They founded great universities; see to it that they are enlarged, and that their halls are crowded with reverent, faithful hearts. They harnessed steam and chained the lightning, made them subservient to the uses of man, and multiplied by many fold the productive power of human labor; do you put new power into the Christian Church, the engine-room of the Almighty, and harness the invisible Spirit of God to the world's redemption.

THE END.

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